

A  
P I E C E  
OF  
FAMILY BIOGRAPHY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

DEDICATED TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

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Goddeſs Nature,  
Say, are not theſe thy Paſſions?

FRANCIS'S *Eugenia*.

Avaunt, all ye  
Who love to hear of ſome prodigious Tale,  
The Bell that toll'd alone, or Irith Whale!

DRYDEN'S *Prol. to Caſar Borgia*.

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VOL. III.

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OF THE  
THIRD VOLUME.

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CHAPTER

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## CHAP. I.

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A word more of novels—the progress of comedy—an  
answer to a common question—observations on Mr.  
Bryant the *Troja exitium*'s dissertation concern-  
ing the war of Troy, which the reader will  
find great satisfaction in skipping over—visi-  
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ing a scarcity of provision—  
who seem to deserve nei-  
ther the good nor evil  
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who see with  
their eyes.

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I DON'T know what the reader's notion  
of novels is; but I am well aware that the  
generality of people hold them in great  
contempt, and perhaps few deride them

more than those who read them most.— This is strange; but there is one thing yet more strange, and that is, that those who have for a series of years constantly and avowedly despised this species of composition, should in the end sit down to the very work. Such was the case with Jean Jacques Rousseau, and with lord Bolingbroke the same, who wrote a romance in folio called *Parthenissa*\*.

All this would seem to vindicate novel-writing; but it certainly does not. Good novel-writing needs no vindication; the bad can bear none: and it is the rare appearance of the former, joined to the continual influx of the latter, that has brought this branch of literature into such merited

\* In a Life of his Lordship it is said that he was sick all the time:—I have seen the work, and *do not doubt it!*

disre-



disrepute\*.—And here let me do justice to  
 Reviewers : It is the common custom of  
 wretched novelists and sing-song sonneteers  
 to

\* Comedy is approximating with rapid strides to  
 this melancholy situation.

At the end of Amyot's translation of Plutarch's  
 Comparison of Aristophanes and Menander, is a pretty  
 little French piece, called *Les Aventures de Thalie*—  
 The Adventures of Thalia. She is said, in Greece, to  
 have at first played the wanton with Aristophanes :

Au libertin Aristophane  
 Elle prodigua ses faveurs ;  
 Souvent à ses âpres fureurs  
 On eût cru voir une bacchante ;  
 Et cependant l'extravagante  
 Sans religion & sans mœurs,  
 Et malgré ses brusques humeurs,  
 Etoit agréable et piquante.

But being given to Menander, she was reformed. At  
 his death, however, she bade adieu to her native city,  
 and went to Rome ;

Puis à sa ville dit adieu,  
 Et vint à Rome ;

where she again indulged her former humour with  
 Plautus :



to be so ungrateful as to be angry with the kind and honest critic, who in pure pity advises them, by condemning their works, to return to the counter, or to their needle, and give up all thoughts of "starving in raptures;" and in the shallowness of their wit to exclaim, "Let them ask their own sapient heads if they could produce such books\*!" Now, what is the reply to be made to such a question? Simply this:

—————La friponne  
Aisément de Plaute en ce lieu  
Distingua la mine bouffonne;

and was a second time chastened and reprieved by Terence.—She has long left the "Eternal City," and has now, it would seem, taken up her eternal abode in England, where she has given unbounded loose to her natural propensity, prostituting herself in an unexampled manner to every scribbler who gives her the least encouragement: and when, and by whom, she will again be brought to any sense of decency, or any other sense, Heaven only knows!

\* Mrs. Robinson in Walsingham.

"No!

“ No! surely not. Where were their claims to sense if they could ?”

This by the way—free from any prejudice of mine, and merely for the sake of a little chat with the reader. I admire a good novel, and I am disgusted with a bad one; but write neither the one nor the other. Mine is a true history, a piece of genuine family-biography, which I began without any malignant intention, have pursued with religious fidelity, and *shall conclude with inconceivable delight!*

It was a part of the doctor's occupation during the morning to call on Mr. Burley at his chambers, where he continually met with many wits of the age, who, knowing that the parson was patronized, were assiduous in their attention to him, that he might assist them in their works both in an

embryo and in a produced state. The doctor had looked in upon Mr. Burley one morning, when he found him reading, with great agitation, Mr. Jacob Bryant's Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, which the parson affirmed seriously that he would answer. Before they parted the doctor requested a perusal of it, which was readily granted, with an entreaty that he would commit to paper such remarks as might suggest themselves, for the other's assistance.

The doctor returned home; and after reading and commenting on it as much as his inclination prompted him, he returned to Mr. Burley with his lucubrations. When he arrived he found him at breakfast.—But a word before I proceed.

As this event undoubtedly happened, I cannot wholly neglect it; but as it is deep and abstruse, I shall give my readers only those



those parts of the doctor's comments which may be understood without a studious reading of Mr. Bryant's dissertation.

Mr. Bryant wishes to prove that no such city of Phrygia as Troy existed, and consequently that no such expedition as that described by Homer was ever undertaken against it.

Mr. Burley had already chosen the following lines for his title-page :—

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day,  
 The book-worm ravening beast of prey—  
 Through all the fields of wit he flies ;  
 Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,  
 With horns without, with tusks within,  
 And scales to serve him for a skin.  
 Observe him nearly, lest he climb  
 To wound the bards of ancient time.  
 On every corner fix thine eye,  
 Or ten to one he slips thee by.



See where his teeth a passage eat :  
 We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.  
*But who the shelter's forced to give ?*  
*'Tis sacred HOMER, as I live !*  
 From leaf to leaf, from song to song,  
 He draws his tadpole length along ;  
 He turns, he doubles—there he pass'd,  
*And here we have him, caught at last.*  
 Now fall a victim to the Nine,  
 Myself the priest, my desk the shrine !

PARNELL.

### THE DOCTOR.

1. It is plain that Mr. Bryant is not a follower of Pythagoras, or he would not doubt the existence of Troy : for Pythagoras, according to Ovid, remembered himself to have lived in the person of Euphorbus, the son of Pantheus, in the time of the Trojan war.

Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli  
 Panthorides Euphorbus eram.

2. As

2. As to the little correspondence kept up between the Grecians and their friends in Greece, which Mr. Bryant makes an objection against the probability of their having undertaken the expedition; it is, I think, easily accounted for, by supposing Homer thought such trifles below the dignity of an epic poem, therefore passed them over in silence.

It is further very probable, that a correspondence was either carried on, or impracticable, from an observation made by Mr. Bryant, that "in the conversation which was afterwards held between Penelope and Ulysses at their first interview, not the least hint is given that she had ever heard from him or the Grecian army since his departure." Now, had it been possible, and he had neglected it, Penelope would certainly have mentioned it to him.

If it could not be effected, it was natural enough for her not to say any thing about it.

3. His objections on account of only one of the Grecian commanders being taken off either by sickness or in battle, argues his little knowledge even of modern heroes. Let several of our generals of famous memory teach him how easy it is to command, and run no risk of perishing by sword or fire. However, Polybius has something, lib. 10, which determines this matter at once :

“ Δει γαρ εν Καρι την πειραν, ὡς ἡ παροιμία φησιν, εκ εν τῷ στρατηγῷ γιγνεσθαι.” For, as the proverb says, the venture should be made in the Carian, (that is, the common soldier,) not in the general.

This maxim is very strictly observed in our days, and I dare say in those of Homer's

mer's heroes, whose feats it would be absurd, for the most part, to imagine to have been performed by their hands, and not by the men under their command. The victory is ascribed to the general, but it is won by the soldier.

4. His doubts with regard to the different states of Greece having furnished a number of forces, because they were not aggrieved, are groundless. The league Helen's suitors had entered into with her father Tyndarus, through the craft of Ulysses, obliged them to assist Menelaus to recover Helen from Paris; or forfeit their faith, which they held perhaps in higher estimation than most of our modern allies. Sophocles, who lived within little more than three hundred years of Homer, makes particular mention of this league in his



Ajax ; when Teucrus says to Menelaus,  
who will not permit Ajax to be buried,

“ Εἰς ταφας ἐγώ

Θήσω δίκαιως, ἢ το σὸν δεισας φόμα,

Οὐ γάρ τι τῆς σῆς ἐνεκ' ἐσρατευσάτο

Γυναικος, ὥσπερ οἱ πόνοι πολλὰ πλεῖψ

Ἀλλ' ἐνεκ' ὀρχῶν οἷσιν ἦν ἐπωμοτός,

Σὺ δ' ἔδεν.”

v. 1130.

“ I will lay him in his sepulchre, as it is just I should,  
without fearing your presence ; for he fought not  
in your wife's cause, like those hired for war, but  
*for the oath's sake* by which he was sworn ; not  
for you.”

5. With respect to Helen's age and attractions, Mr. Bryant appears to reason with very little attention to concomitant circumstances. For, let us suppose that she was born at the same time as her brothers Castor and Pollux, who went against Colchis

Colchis thirty-five years before the Trojan war, they might not have been more than fifteen years of age, (for many who went in the same expedition were afterwards captains at the siege,) and she must have been consequently about sixty at the conclusion of the conflict. Now, what is the age of sixty even in these days? Surely Mr. Bryant must know that women full as old are at the present moment held in no little estimation by people of considerable rank and acknowledged taste: so much so that I should not wonder to see, should the age of chivalry return, tilts and tournaments instituted—nay, wars commenced, on their account.—But, to be serious: Allowing Helen, the most excellent of women as she was then called, to have been sixty, she must certainly have been considered young in those times: for, by the age to which

men

men lived in that day, we may easily ascertain when a woman should be called old. If Nestor was not superannuated, but a wise and able counsellor, after he had lived through two ages, *δύο γένηαι*\*, and had entered into the third, being, we'll say, two hundred and thirty, and stout enough to sustain the fatigues of the Trojan expedition, we cannot think but that Helen, at sixty, must have been deemed scarcely nubile, or at any rate a very young woman.

That men lived formerly to a wonderful period (and women also, I'll be sworn!) is a fact supported by holy writ. Not to go so far back as when they lived a thousand years, we find Jacob, at his first appearance before Pharaoh, speaking of the

\* Some estimate an age at thirty-three years; but though this accounts for some apparent improbabilities, it makes others more improbable.



days of the years of his life as few, though he was then one hundred and thirty; and Joseph lived to see Ephraim's children of the third generation.

Men and women are old and young, as things are good or bad, only by comparison. Hence Helen at sixty, if Nestor lived to the age of two hundred and thirty, was, by a fair computation, as young as a nymph at twenty in modern times.

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So much by the way of a specimen of the doctor's critical and controversial powers. I could have copied many other observations of his on this of a more serious nature; but, not doubting that the reader would find these *satis superque*, enough and more than enough, I thought it best to accept his thanks for omitting them.

Mr.



Mr. Burley approved of some of his notes, and considered others as too light and trifling for the serious mode in which he proposed to refute Mr. Bryant's heretical doctrine. But Mr. Burley, like many other people, had always a number of things in his intention which were rarely found in his works; and, I believe, his present plan was never carried further than the first stage. At least I never heard of its publication.

The parson had scarcely travelled through the doctor's papers and eaten his breakfast, when he was, as usual, assailed by a phalanx of authors or authorlings, pathetic and bathetic\*, dull as a drone, and eccentric as a comet.

Johnson has observed, that the best part

\* Why not bathetic from bathos, as well as pathetic from pathos? And have not we all a right *procudere nomen*, to coin a word?

of an author is to be seen in his works; therefore, as I wish at all times to present the reader with the best of every thing, I shall wave all personal information respecting these gentlemen, and simply state the works on which several were employed, from which he may form his opinion of the characters of the authors.

One was about to write a book on this question: Is it not possible that the misery and unhappiness which misfortune, or misconduct, might bring upon a man, should lessen, and in some instances annihilate, the affection he should naturally entertain for those who were the cause of his existence, and therefore of his calamities and wretchedness?

He further intended to prove, that there is no natural affection in the breast of a child towards its parents, and that it would  
feel

feel the same regard for any other persons imposed upon it from its birth for its father and mother. This he would elucidate by an opinion of Pascal, which seems to contain a considerable share of sense: "I am very much afraid," says he, alluding to what is called the natural love of children, "that this nature is nothing more than a *first custom*, as custom is a second nature \*."

Another was going to publish plans to relieve the distress of the poor on account of the exorbitant price of provision. Amongst other schemes he thought that of

\* *Pensées de M. Pascal, p. 140.* In an age of irreligion and infidelity like the present, this little book cannot be too much read and recommended. If I had any doubts of the birth, death, and resurrection of our Saviour, I do not believe that volumes could subdue them more effectually than this short observation: "Je crois volontiers les histoires dont les temoins se font egorger;" *I willingly believe those histories whose witnesses suffered death in supporting the truth of their testimony.*

the



the Stoic philosopher of Tarnos \* might be adopted. He recommended the eating of all dead bodies. And our author enforced this very strenuously; affirming, that in these hard times it was a very shameful waste to bury so much good meat †, and so many fine calves heads, &c. &c. He said, moreover, that he could not see why a Bacchanalian should not eat as well as a snipe or woodcock, since they all live upon suction.

A third wished to write a work on the future state of mankind. "But when I survey," said he, "my fellow creatures, their habits, their dispositions, their virtues, and their vices, I am at a loss how to dispose of them, according to our faith, in

\* Chrysippus.

† Lord Monboddo says, that man's flesh (perhaps he meant to say woman's) is the sweetest of all meat to the taste of man.

the



the world to come. Many there are who have passed under my observation of the following frame and class :

“ They are not wicked, but they are not good. They do not deny God, but they scarcely ever think of him. They are Christians, but they know nothing of Christ, and hear his name without reverence. They never speak ill of the church, but they never go near it. They seldom or never break the commandments, such as thieving, &c. but this is more through dread of the gallows and ill report among men, than respect for the decalogue or fear of the anger of God. And now let me ask how such creatures as these, ‘ crawling between heaven and earth,’ can possibly deserve either everlasting bliss or eternal damnation ?”

“ Sir,” said Mr. Burley, “ I would advise you to abandon this fruitless speculation,

tion, and not, by fanciful reasoning, to attempt to pry into those secrets which Heaven has thought proper to conceal. In the words of Raphael,

Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid ;  
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear :  
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Wherever plac'd, *let him dispose* : joy thou  
 In what he gives to thee."

He then turned to another, with whose production I shall terminate this chapter.

He had nearly finished a pamphlet to prove that very few people saw with their eyes, and that Homer's *οφθαλμοισιν ιδεσθαι*, and Plato's *ομμασι θεωρειν*, *to see with one's eyes*, should not be deemed a pleonasm, but a very delicate and nice distinction. He upheld his postulatam in this manner :

Suppose an artist, after observing a very excellent picture of a contemporary,  
 as

as it continually happens, condemns it in the most illiberal terms, can he be said to have *seen it with his eyes* ? No—with envy !

Men in general are too apt to see through the medium of their passions ; and only those who see things with a pure and impartial judgement can be said *to see with their eyes* : and small is their number, even from the clown who drives a team, to the judge who sits on the bench\*.

\* The Latin expression *vivere vitam* might be considered in the same light. For it is certainly a very different thing *to live* what we call *a life*, and merely *vivere*, to live or vegetate.

CHAP. II.

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A conversation between the author and the reader  
—an alteration in Pernel—the consolation  
she finds in Mrs. Minshall—an arrest  
—a letter from prison—  
lady Greymont's exul-  
tation, and Per-  
nel's excessive  
grief.

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READER.

**T**HANK Heaven we have got through  
it at last !

AUTHOR. Got through it !—Got through  
what, pray, ma'am ?

READER. Through the last chapter, you  
tedious creature !

AUTHOR. Through the *last* chapter,  
have



have you ? Upon my life I give you joy !  
I wish I had got through it too with all my  
heart.

READER. Believe me, sir, (to equivocate  
as well as yourself,) if you don't go on with  
your story, the last shall be the last I'll read.  
You say you wish to get to the end ; and,  
judging from myself, I might believe you ;  
but, when I see you loitering by the way,  
as you have done, I doubt whether you  
have not forgot your errand, or whether  
you've any other end to obtain but that of  
plaguing the reader.

AUTHOR. Nay, don't be so cruel ! If I  
have finned, the fault is yours. 'Tis a  
pleasure to sin, to do the penance of being  
chastised by you. But, come, I promise  
to do so no more ! There—pin me to your  
apron, prevent my wandering, and make  
me do what you like.

READER.

READER. Leave off prating—and to your story, I tell you once again.

AUTHOR (*aside*). Mercy on me! what a vixen I've got to deal with!

Urban had not left London for many days, when Pernel felt his absence more poignant than she could have imagined! He had ever been present with her at all places of public resort; and now, for the first time, it was proved to her unsuspecting mind, that all the pleasure she enjoyed in them she had taken with her.

Ranelagh, which in his company once shone a brilliant circle, was now a giddy, unamusing round. His absence left a void which nothing could supply. The fairest scenes were to her as a blank; for Urban was away.

Her uneasiness deprived her of rest. She

was no longer the lively, animated being whose ardent spirit was capable of being subdued by nothing but the sufferings of others.

The alteration in her manner and appearance could not pass unnoticed. It was diversely interpreted. Sir David really believed that it arose from too much racketing. Lady Greymont pretended to entertain the same opinion, but knew full well the cause, and began to fear, on his lordship's account, lest she should find a more invincible opponent in Urban than in the doctor or sir David. But, having resolved to accomplish her brother's success, she did not permit any doubts to intimidate her, or divert her from her purpose. Her whole attention, however, was at this moment directed to another quarter.

The portion of our history regarding  
lady



lady Greymont and Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, though unavoidably neglected in the latter part of the relation, was in incessant action, and drawing nearer and nearer to an awful crisis. This amiable couple, who engaged in every fashionable failing, free from dishonour and neglect of each other, were constantly of lady Greymont's parties. It may appear strange, perhaps, that I should have passed over the greater part of the winter, and in a society abounding in these amusements, without describing one of them; but, presuming on the good sense of my readers, I thought I could not oblige them more than by merely saying that such things were, and not to describe what would in the description only prove less tiresome and unentertaining than the experience of the reality.

This was exactly Sir David's opinion,



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This was exactly fir David's opinion,

who invariably made his escape from them, either with Jerry to a coffee-house, or, full of good old wine, to his peaceful bed.

Mrs. Minshall and Pernel were inseparable; their confidence was unlimited. A confidence like theirs could never exist between Pernel and lady Julian. We do not willingly confess our failings to others, who do not seem as forward to acknowledge their own: and lady Greymont, with all her art, lacked this mode of acquiring confidence—she confessed no failings; Mrs. Minshall, on the contrary, was prompt to own her errors, and rejoiced to find one like Pernel, who never heard her friend condemn her own conduct, but she would search her heart, and endeavour to make it appear light by comparison. Their affection was pure and undisguised, it strengthened hourly; their virtues, and not their vices,



vices, formed the foundation, whereon friendship had raised its goodly superstructure, and misfortune could not shake nor time impair it. Such is the basis that never moulders; but they who hope to reap the fruits of friendship, and to find it lasting when established on vice, drop their seed upon a rock, and build their mansion on the sandy shore.

The late change in Pernel had naturally excited the attention and warm solicitude of her friend. Pernel had unremittingly reposed her whole soul in the bosom of Mrs. Minshall; but, as we cannot confess what we are not conscious of, Pernel had never told Mrs. Minshall of the passion she cherished for Urban. She knew that she loved to be in his company, but she was not aware that she could not endure his absence.



Mrs. Minshall had observed their regard for each other, but ascribed Pernel's apparent happiness when with Urban to her natural spirits and the novelty of the scene : now, however, she discovered too clearly the cause of her former gaiety and her present chagrin. It was from her too that Pernel was first told of her excessive love for Urban, and soon brought to own that she valued him at more than her existence.

Knowing that sir David's happiness depended on her marriage with his son, Mrs. Minshall was in the utmost concern about the disclosure she had made, and tried every argument to bring her to consider of her situation, and to abandon if possible an affection, the continuation of which would go near, when discovered, to break sir David's heart, and to disseminate an everlasting

lasting disaffection between the old lieutenant and his son.

The consideration of these circumstances did but add to her sorrow ; and Mrs. Minshall, seeing the inefficacy of all advice, and wishing to console her friend, flattered her by promising to endeavour by degrees to dissuade sir David from the match he intended. Pernel sighed deeply as she pronounced these last words, and shook her head ; then suddenly, as if overcome with fear and hope, fell throbbing on her breast. Mrs. Minshall strove to comfort her, returned her embrace, and they mingled tears together.

Oh Joy ! what art thou ? Surely sorrow is a more substantial pleasure, when shared and softened by the friend we love !

A short time, however, deprived Pernel of her greatest consolation. Mrs. Minshall,

was so ready to participate the griefs of her friend, was soon to be doomed to misery and pain, with scarcely a ray of hope to show her signs of better days.

I have already said that lady Greymont involved Mrs. Minshall in various kinds of expence, such as cards, &c. and that though Mrs. Minshall was often alarmed at her losses (which were not always fairly won), yet, being never reprimanded by Mr. Minshall, she was easily laughed out of her cares by her ladyship. Mr. Minshall has also been represented as partial to the gay world, and unmindful of his circumstances. Careless he had been for a long time; but within the last three months, a want of money for necessary expences, and a total ignorance where to raise it, had roused him from his torpitude, and brought him to his senses—but had brought him to his senses only to drive



drive him mad. The deeper he examined into his affairs, the more desperate and irretrievable they appeared. Their daily expences were considerable, his creditors importunate, and his wife in continual want of money : the former he could refuse, the latter he never did. Ruin was before him, but still he marched boldly on.

While money could be procured Mrs. Minshall had it—Grief was at his heart, but never in his countenance. He dreaded nothing but that she should know of their situation, for she was already gone several months with child—with her first child ! and the consequence of her alarms was more fearful to him than the loss of liberty and fortune. The hour, however, was not to be postponed and forgotten. Three months were eked out with great difficulty ; for the spirit of Mr. Minshall would not suffer him



to solicit the assistance of any one, especially as he saw no chance of his ever being able to return it.

At length the fatal moment came. He was arrested, carried to ——— prison, and an execution was put into his house.

Mrs. Minshall, from whom every thing had been concealed with the greatest precaution, was that morning engaged to take an airing with lady Greymont and Pernel. On their return the servant presented the following letter to lady Julian. She retired and read :

*“ To Lady Julian Greymont.*

*“ HONOURED MADAM !*

*“ The many marks of friendship I have received from you, both in myself and in Mrs. Minshall, give me the courage to hope that you will yet add one more, which shall ever be the dearest to my heart. I*  
shall

shall not trouble your ladyship with a detail of disagreeable facts ; I shall simply say that I am ruined—ruined past any wish for pecuniary assistance from individuals, and my only hope is in the mercy of my creditors. But there is still a charity which I expect and implore from you.

“ Our misfortune can now no longer remain a secret to my wife. Oh, my lady Greymont ! I could smile amidst my own misery, if I could but think all would be well with her. Consider her situation ; be tender as you can in revealing to her what has happened ; and if you will give her refuge in your house, until the storm has blown over my head, my thanks shall be endless, my prayers eternal, and Heaven in its bounty *can* only and will reward you as you deserve.

“ I remain

“ Your ladyship's most obliged and humble servant,

Prison,  
4 o'clock

“ CHARLES EMANUEL MINSHALL.”

Has the reader ever noticed the countenance of a bailiff as he seizes a poor debtor after having watched him for six months, or of a tigress on securing her prey, or of an old woman winning at cards, or any thing indeed that's horrible intermixed with marks of exultation and self-satisfaction? If he has, he may perhaps have seen a faint image of the countenance of lady Greymont's soul gleaming through her eyes as she perused the foregoing letter.

“ Ah !” she exclaimed, rising—“ This is well—this, this is well ! He wants no pecuniary assistance from me ? I'll not insult him with it. His wife though ! his wife !” She rang the bell hastily. The servant was desired to conduct Mrs. Minshall to her. Persuaded that she would refuse it, she was determined therefore to press her to stay at his lordship's. Her persuasion proved completely to her wishes. She had scarcely  
opened



opened the story before Mrs. Minshall fainted away. Recovering, she seemed to have acquired strength by her fall. She wept not, nor did she lament; but kindly, though peremptorily, rejected her ladyship's offer to remain there, and, ordering a hackney-coach, drove instantly to her husband.

This melancholy event was soon the principal topic throughout the house, and not a smile was seen in any face during the rest of the day.

So much beloved were they, that there was not a menial servant in his lordship's retinue who did not offer up a sincere prayer for Mr. Minshall's release and future good fortune.

It was the whole conversation at and after dinner at his lordship's table. Lord Greymont said he was really sorry for the poor man; "but," continued he haughtily,



tilly, "if commoners will attempt to vie in expence with peers of the realm, I do not see what better they can expect, nor how they deserve our pity."

Sir David, who had a great antipathy to spendthrifts, approved, in some degree, of his lordship's sentiments; but added, that he had a more than common esteem for Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, and should be very happy to hear any plan proposed to assist them in which he could participate. The doctor too was ready to do them any service. And now I come to Pernel, whose feelings at this unexpected intelligence were little short of distraction. With much trouble she had been prevailed upon to come down to dinner. She sat at the table, but ate nothing. Her looks were wild—her answers unconnected—Now she appeared as if abstracted from herself, and again she would involuntarily burst into a flood

flood of tears. The anguish of her mind was so great, that at last she fell into strong hysteric fits, and was with some pain conveyed to her bed.

A physician was sent for. In the meantime lady Greymont, who had almost exceeded Pernel in expressions of affliction, was commissioned by sir David and the rest to exert herself for their relief to the utmost of her power, and to call upon them to defray any reasonable expence.

This information her ladyship carried to Pernel, which seemed to give her a momentary ease; and when the physician came, he pronounced her a little feverish, but affirmed that there was no danger to be apprehended, if, as he expected, after the violent struggle she had experienced, she should get a few hours rest.

## C H A P. III.

A scene intended to moisten the cornea of the reader's eye—a presbyterian parson—prisons—news-papers—Philetas—lord Bacon—and why this may be thought the best chapter in the work.

WHEN Mrs. Minshall arrived, it was past the time limited for admitting visitors to converse with the prisoners. However, by means of entreaty, and *persuasive argument*, the gaoler was induced to permit her to see her husband.

As she entered, the shutting of the outer gate, the confusion of sounds that broke upon



upon her ear as she proceeded, the gloominess of the place, and the clinking of her conductor's keys, all conspired to fill her mind with horror and dismay. But the power of language shrinks from the attempt to depict the meeting of this unfortunate pair.

The turnkey had indeed in some measure prepared her for the misery she was about to see, by telling her, "That he did not know what was the matter with the gentleman for his part—he seemed to have wherewithall to obtain comforts, but refused all—He has had nothing," said he, "but the jail allowance since he has been here—When I locked him up, I offered to let him have a blanket if he would *come down*—But, no; nor had he ever the gratitude to thank me for my kindness." By this they were at the door.

Mr.

Mr. Minshall had thrown himself on the straw that was spread for him in one corner of the chamber; a crazy chair and table stood in the middle of the room, on the latter of which was a pitcher of water, and by the side of it some bread.

The noise occasioned by the opening of the door attracted his attention the more, as he had understood that he was not to be disturbed till the morning. But at the sight of Mrs. Minshall he started from the ground, and, as if the worst fears of his foreboding soul were now confirmed, he exclaimed, "Oh God, oh God! this is too much!" He turned his head. Swift as thought she flew into his arms; and ejaculating, "My husband! my husband!" her senses fled, and she sunk upon his bosom.

It was some time before he could bring her to herself, when the turnkey, having

been

been summoned to another quarter, had left the room.

“Cruel, cruel man!” were her first words.

“What! would you have me free while you are a prisoner? Think you that I can taste of happiness while you are miserable? No! Welcome misery, so we share it together, rather than happiness for me alone!”

She now gave vent to her tears.—They wept together.

“My life, my love!” said Mr. Minshall placing her on the chair and kneeling by her side, “consider your case; consider how precious, how doubly precious you are to me. Reflect how dangerous this place may prove to you and to our future hopes. Think, think on that! While you remain, I still am rich; but should I lose you, oh Julia! then would my ruin be indeed complete.”

“I have



"I have considered of it well," said she; "and as I would not escape to another world, and leave you here in sorrow and affliction, therefore must I stay with you. Elsewhere I cannot live. If I am torn from you (for so I must be if we part), I will not answer for the consequence."

Mr. Minshall used all the art he was capable of, all the persuasion of which he was master, to prevail on her to leave that for a more commodious lodging. But to no purpose; for she remained inflexible.

"No, my husband," said Mrs. Minshall, "no; I do but consult my own comfort when I prefer this room to every other. You wish me to go, and well I deserve the punishment; for 'twas I—'twas my errors that brought you here.—I, I have been the ruin of you!"

On saying this, she began to sob so vio-

lently

lently that Mr. Minshall apprehended the most alarming evil. He therefore denied that she had brought him thither, condemned his own imprudence, and by fictitious stories strove to account for his losses, and by degrees appeased the tumult of her mind.

The turnkey returning, Mr. Minshall questioned him as to the possibility of his wife remaining with him, and in this case whether he could provide them with a better bed.—“Stay here!” said the turnkey grinning, if it might be called any thing half so human as a grin.—“Do you think she will?”

“I beg you would put no questions to me,” replied Mr. Minshall hastily, “but answer me to the point.”—“Oh, as to questioning and parleying,” said the other, “you need not be afraid of having too much

much on't from me. I never was much given to the *gab*, I can tell you. Therefore at once, if she has no objection to being locked up, she may stay an' she likes; and as to clothes, as I told you before, I'll make you up as comfortable and as snug a tick as your companion's, if we can agree upon terms."

"Companion's!" exclaimed Mrs. Minshall, casting her eyes round the room, which were presently attracted to another bed in the opposite corner.

"Companion! Ay, to be sure," said the turnkey, "there's nobody without their companion here on this side of the house; and you may thank your stars that you've only one, considering what a lofty, airy apartment this is."

Mr. and Mrs. Minshall looked at each other, unable to utter a syllable. Mr. Min-

shall



shall had seen, but had forgot, that he was not alone. He now began again to entreat his wife to retire ; but she still refused.

“ Why, Lord bless us !” said the turnkey, interrupting them, “ why, you’re not afraid of our *clergyman*, sure ? Zounds ! what a drowsy dog it is ! Hang me if the parson *b’an’t* as fast as a church !”

Mr. Minshall here enquired who he was, and whether he could not be induced, by any means, to take up with any other lodging.—“ Why, Lord bless us, and save us !” replied the other, “ if he would, you can’t stand it—you an’t got *mopusses* eno’, I’ll swear.”

On being told that he need not fear that, he assured them he would give him warning to quit the next morning, but could not possibly before.—“ However,” continued

nued he, "you lose a jollier fellow than you think for—Parson Libel is a presbyterian parson. He has been here about three years; and means, I fancy, to abide here for the rest of his life. He supports himself by writing for the newspapers, which has ever been his trade, and which first brought him under my care. There's not a gentleman in the prison who lives half so well as he does on his writings. Lord help you! who do you think discovers the secrets of the prison-house but he and such as he? Bring a lord here, and though he stays but five minutes, he's in the papers next day neck and heels. Why, Newgate, the Bench, and *our house*, furnish the newspapers with more wit and anecdote than all the town beside."

"Well, well, my friend," said Mr. Minshall, "if he must stay, he must. But do

you

you favour us as far as it lies in your power, and make your own charge."

"Say you so?" cried the turnkey, pausing as if thinking of something, and quickly exclaimed, "Then he shall go to-night! He shall pig along with Dick—his bed is large enough."

The parson, being resident in the prison, never undressed, but slept in a kind of *robe de chambre*, which he wore also in the day.

The turnkey soon roused him, and informed him that, on account of some people of consequence, he must request him to put up with another room.—"Consequence! Who, who is it?" said the parson in a whisper; "Who is it, my dear fellow?"—"Oh, no fat for you!" replied the other. "Come, bundle up, bundle up!"—"Then I stir not an inch!" said the parson, lying down again.



“ You won’t ! won’t you ? ” cried the turnkey.—The parson was a little spare man, not unlike Philetas in bulk, who is said by Ælian to have been so light that he always carried a bit of lead in his pocket to prevent his being blown away.—He whipt him up in his arms, and bore him off without any difficulty ; but not, however, without the parson’s swearing and raving over his shoulder that he’d trounce ’em—he’d not spare ’em while he had a drop of blood in his veins, or ink in his bottle.

After this ceremony they were accommodated with a sorry bed, and, refusing to have any supper, were left to themselves.

Lord Bacon says that the calamities of man are a subject of pleasing contemplation. In this we differ ; for I confess that

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I have found more pain in the reflections this chapter has necessarily occasioned than from the dullest (recollect that!) of all that have preceded it. And yet my reader will perhaps like it the best—and why?

It is the shortest!

## CHAP. IV.

Curious ways of catching fish, water-fowl, and rabbits — coffins — mother Shipton — the different meaning of the same phrase in different parts of the town — an accident — an author and critic — a dissertation on pantomimes — plagiarism — Drury-lane — an art lost by which it might have been improved — sir David with a Cyprian, and  
an *hiatus*.

I KNOW so well how prevalent the taste is at this moment for the wonderful and surprising, that I have several times been inclined to lay aside my intention of writing this true history, to imp my neglected wings and, soaring into the regions of fancy, dip my pencil in the colorific bow of imagination.

A drag



A dray-horse and Pegasus are not more oppositely employed than the writer of biography and the author of romance. The former has not the advantage of a traveller; not even of a traveller *whose assertions are warranted by the numerous attestations of his companions*. As for instance: In sir George Staunton's account of the embassy to China is the following entertaining and strange method of taking fish on the lake of Wee-chaung-hoo.

“ To one side of the boat,” says he, “ a flat board painted white is fixed at an angle of about forty-five degrees\*, the edge inclining towards the water. On moon-light nights the boat is so placed that the painted board is turned to the moon, from whence

\* This ridiculous affectation of scientific language and *technilogy* in the most immaterial description, pervades the whole work.

the rays of light striking on the whitened surface give to it the appearance of moving-water, on which the fish being tempted *to leap* as on their own element, the boatmen, raising with a string the board, turn the fish into the boat\*.”

The reader has certainly heard of putting salt on a bird's tail, and will be pleased to be informed that in the east it is not so impracticable as he imagined.

*To catch water-fowl.*

“ Empty jars or gourds are *suffered* to float upon the water, that such objects may become familiar to the birds. The fisherman then wades into the lake with one of

\* From the *leaping* of the fish, we were inclined to think they were salmon; but from the manner in which they are caught, we are convinced that they could be nothing but *gudgeons*. However, the term *leap* is very unfortunate for this story, and we are sure that nothing but necessity (*for leap the fish must*) could have induced sir George to have used it.

those

those empty vessels upon his head, and walks gently towards a bird; *and lifting up his arm, draws it down below the surface of the water, without any disturbance or giving alarm to the rest*; several of whom he treats in the same manner, *until he fills the bag he had brought to hold his prey.*"

To these I cannot but add a plan to catch rabbits, which I once met with by accident in a book on hunting. The rabbit is watched or frightened into his hole. A lobster is then put in, who crawls slowly down, the rabbit continually receding until they have both reached as far as they can go. The lobster now lays hold of the rabbit with one of his claws, the rabbit makes a bolt, the lobster sticks tight, and they both come tumbling out together into the hands of the sportsman.



What advantages are these! How do such incidents rivet the attention of the reader? Incidents indeed. *Heu! non tua*, my good friend; we are far advanced on a road lying in a very different country, and must e'en jog on as we began.

In the multifarious business that has occupied my attention since the arrival of the Welch family in the metropolis, I have as yet found no opportunity to pay my respects to sir David, and to enquire particularly into his manner of spending his time.

Sir David, as well as the doctor, had taken a very great liking to Jerry. He wore no livery, nor was he viewed in the light of a servant. He did no menial office, but merely saw that every thing was done properly, and attended on the baronet.

Sir David indeed, putting himself in the place of the letter Q, might have said to  
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Jerry, "I can do nothing without U \* I!" Such was truly the case; for he made him his constant companion in his peregrinations about the town, and visitations at public places of amusement.

I cannot say that from the description of one day you may learn all, since I select that which was most pregnant with events, and consequently extraordinary.

They had not been long in London before sir David, having some dividends to receive at the bank, and wishing to see the town, agreed with his son and Jerry to escape from his lordship's house and hours for a day, to do his business in the city, to dine at a coffee-house, and to finish by going to the play in the evening.

Amidst a variety of things which Jerry

\* Q never appears in any word in the English language without being followed by the letter U.

took them to see, nothing amused them more than Jarvis and Son's improved coffins for the security of the dead ; and the doctor could not help smiling at reading their advertisement, which ran thus : " It must afford a great consolation and a *pleasing* satisfaction to any gentleman or lady to be certain that no one can steal their bones after they are dead : and they defy any one who is *pleased* to be buried in one of their coffins to be taken out by any means." Here the doctor made this comment. " So far so good ! But as they cannot be taken out, they certainly cannot get out ; and these ingenious artists should therefore undoubtedly engage at the last day to come in person and let them out." — " To be sure !" said Jerry ; " or the fear of that would take away all *the pleasure* of being buried in their coffins."

They



They now passed on till they came to Mrs. Salmon's museum, without any thing occurring, ~~except~~ an observation of Jerry's on the motto to the transparency in the window of the Observer-office in the Strand. The motto is, *Nunquam dormio*; which, at sir David's request, was translated by the doctor, "I never sleep."

"Ah!" said the baronet, "an excellent motto indeed for a watchful paper."—"Yes, sir," replied Jerry, "it certainly would be if the effect of their not sleeping was not too evident in their writings. But, as Pope says, they are

Sleepless themselves, to let their readers sleep."

Jerry would have persuaded them not to go into the museum; but sir David was obstinate, and would have his way. They had not been there long before both the

baronet and the doctor got a smart kick from mother Shipton; for which they blamed Jerry, who made free to say, "That he could not think of warning them against it, as he thought every body deserved kicking who paid their money to see such nonsense." The doctor acquiesced, and they reached the bank.

The meaning attached to the same question, when put at various parts of the town, is so different, that sir David was at a loss how to reconcile the same phrase in the mouth of a stock-broker, which he had often heard in lord Greymont's, until Jerry was called upon to explain.—"It does seem strange, 'tis true," said he; "but I'll soon make you understand it."—"Well, sir, are they up?" said by one meeting another in the East, is immediately replied to, 'No, they've fallen;' or 'Yes, they're up two per cent.

cent. Are you a bull or a bear ?"—In the West the same question is instantly answered by ' Yes, or No ; the debate was short, or, a long debate is expected.'——“ You see the difference, I presume, sir !” continued Jerry, and can easily conceive, that if a cit could be transported to the west without knowing it, he would answer so perversely that he would in all probability get woundily thrashed. Indeed a second Babel would ensue.”

Sir David having received his dividends, they went to a number of places ; but nothing passed worthy of observation until they came to Fleet-street, on their return to the vicinity of the theatres, where they were to dine. It has been said, that it was their intention not to return any more to his lordship's before bed-time ; which intention was frustrated by an unforeseen accident



cident that happened to fir David. It was thus.—They had occasion to cross the way; and I don't know by what fatality it is, but the old as well as the young prefer crossing before a horse or carriage with the risk of being run over, to waiting half-a-dozen seconds and passing without molestation or danger. In this they follow the old saying, "The more danger the more honour;"—there would certainly be neither in walking over after the carriage had passed. But to the point. A coach was coming, fir David measured it with his eye, and made a start. In the middle of the street his foot slipped and he fell. He had heard somewhere or another, that, when you fall before either a carriage or a horse, the safest way is to begin to roll. He did so; the carriage went on, and he escaped unhurt; but such a figure as was scarcely  
ever

ever seen. His system of rolling had covered him with mud from top to toe ;

———“ from head to foot, my lord.”

With much trouble and fair promises they prevailed on a hackney coachman to admit him into his coach, when they drove home, where, no personal injury being received, he was soon refitted ; and though sir David was by no manner of means pleased at his accident, he again sallied forth to finish his intended career.

They neither dined at the Bedford nor Piazza, but at a little neighbouring coffee-house, where they could take a beef steak, a piece of fish, and a bottle, without ostentation or impertinent observation.

Having been already at Drury-Lane theatre, they had determined to go this night to Covent-Garden ; but sitting rather too

long over their wine, and it being a new pantomime, they found some inconvenience in procuring seats. However, they at length squeezed themselves into a back row up two pair of stairs.

They were scarcely seated when Jerry espied alongside of them a friend of his, a Mr. Fixture, an author, and a constant attendant at both theatres for the last thirty years. He no sooner saw him than he whispered in the doctor's ear, to ask him if he should like to know his neighbour, telling him at the same time that he would find some amusement in his conversation.

The doctor agreeing, Jerry immediately attacked him with "A full house to-night, Mr. Fixture!"

He turned, and recollecting Jerry, "God bless us! is it you, my old friend?" said he with his usual smile: "why, I have not seen you

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you this age. Ay, a full house, indeed. The manager here knows what he's about— As I say, he does care for the sense, so that he touches the pence ;

Or he thinks all the sense  
Is in touching the pence.

“ He's well aware that ‘ *to feed the eye is more easy than to feed the mind.* ’ ” — “ Very true,” said Jerry, “ for ‘ *all are sure to bring their eyes to the theatre, though they often leave their understandings at home.* ’ Is it not so, doctor Dynevawr ? ” continued he, looking at the doctor. “ The observation,” he replied, “ is very just.”

Hearing that he was by the side of a doctor, Mr. Fixture began to move about, pulling up the frill and pulling down the wristbands of his shirt.

“ I, however,” said he, “ I who have seen *Lun* and his pupil *Rich*, cannot be brought

brought to think any thing of the abominable mummary we see at present. Yet his Majesty, and I wonder at it, is excessively fond of 'em."—" 'Twas precisely so," interrupted the doctor, who had been in some degree addressed in the last speech: "It was precisely so in the days of Augustus and Tiberius. Pantomime was their favourite entertainment, as well as that of the public."—"Suetonius, sir?" said the other in a hurry to shew his learning.—"Yes," said the doctor, "you may find it there."

"But, Lord!" resumed Mr. Fixture, "our pantomime, and the Roman pantomime, *Nutu manibusque loquax* \*, are

\* Na mare like than the Devil and Sanct Austin †.

Their actors could express by grimace, and by action, the very inmost movements

\* Claudian.

† Douglas, Pref. p. 5.

of the soul ; ours are able to depict no feeling but hunger. In comedy and tragedy it is the same.—I who have seen a Garrick, and who know the pains a Roman actor took to perfect himself, never appearing on the boards until he was thirty years of age, am not, I assure you, a little shocked at what I see. I do not despair, however, of an old Roman custom being shortly renewed on our stage.”

“ Pray what is that ?” said the doctor.  
 “ Why,” replied the other, “ that of the speaking and acting part being divided. Our rage at present for blending grimace, buffoonery, and pantomimic tricks in our comic characters, is so great, that it will ere long be too much for one actor to perform the whole of one part. And our comedians at both houses will find it enough to grin, caper, and kick their heels about, without  
 doing



doing the speaking part, which must be left to another."

"*Parce subjectis!*" cried the doctor: "Spare them, sir!—You are really too severe."—"By no means, by no means!" said the other; "the stage was never since the beginning at so low an ebb, or so much disgraced, as it is now; but its authors are more culpable than its actors. If Garrick's diminutive size has made so many jack-puddings turn players, so has the want of scholastic learning in Shakspeare made so many dunces turn dramatic authors. The former is the lesser evil. The latter contaminate and vitiate the taste of the town by their trash, and make fools of the public; but the others, less noxious, can only make fools of themselves."

"I thought the stage had still its luminaries?" said the doctor.

"Lumi-

“Luminaries, quotha?” cried the other;  
 “say rush-lights!”

“I have no doubt of your judgment, sir,” replied the doctor; “but, not having been lately in town, cannot confirm it with my own experience. However, I have seen praise lavished in the papers on some pieces recently produced, which none but the very best could deserve.”

“All flummery!” said Mr. Fixture: “every paragraph or criticism paid for by cringes from the authors, or tickets of admission from the manager. I know them every man; not one in a hundred has a grain of originality: if any thing decent appears, why ’tis all stolen! How often am I obliged to repeat

———monitus, multùmque monendus,

Privatas ut quærat opes———”

Here Mr. Fixture stuck, and could go

no

no further with his favourite quotation, until the doctor assisted him, and then they ran on together,

—————“et tangere vitet

**Scripta, Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo :**

**Næ, si fortè suas repetitum venerit olim**

**Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula risum**

**Furtivis nudata coloribus \*.”**

“Thank you, sir!” said he; “I once had *him* at my fingers’ ends as well as yourself, but my memory fails me. Yes, sir; I often say this of them, and even to them, but all to no purpose—they borrow still without either conscience or modesty.”

The conversation was here interrupted

\* He has been advised, and the advice is still often to be repeated, to acquire stock of his own, and forbear to touch whatever writings the Palatine Apollo has received; lest if it chance that the flock of birds should some time or other come to demand their feathers, he, like the daw stripped of his stolen colours, be exposed to ridicule.

by



by the commencement of the pantomime, but presently renewed as the more agreeable pastime.

It was the doctor's opinion that Drury-lane theatre excelled Covent-garden in every point ; in the company on the boards, the company in the boxes, and in the style of the house.—“ Ah!” said Mr. Fixture, “ I agree with you perfectly ; that has ever been my house ; I love to be upon the spot where once a Garrick trode. But still I must confess that the house is too large for the convenience of hearing. Oh, if we had but a Vitruvius living, what a place it would be ! Perhaps I need not tell you, sir, that in the Greek theatre \*, certain brazen vessels, or echea as he calls them, were placed under the seats of the spectators, and disposed by the most exact geometric and harmonic propor-

\* It held 30,000 persons.

tion,

tion, in such a manner as to reverberate the voice of the actor, and render it more clear and harmonious ; and such was the excellence of this contrivance, that a person placed in the furthest part of the theatre could hear distinctly every syllable of the play \*. But, here, our architecture and mathematics acknowledge their inferiority : we cannot effect any thing like it †.

\* The Rev. James Bannister on architecture.

† Some have imagined that these enormous audiences were made to hear by the assistance given to the performer through his mask. But this is improbable and absurd. Improbable, because a mask generally stifles the sound of the voice ; and absurd, for the reason, that if it could have been so constructed as to increase its power, it must have been insufferably disagreeable to those who sat near the actors. By means, however, of these brazen vessels (and something like them must undoubtedly have been used in these immense theatres) no one person heard the performer's voice louder than another, nor was any extraordinary exertion necessary in him. Such was their "*geometris and harmonic proportion*."

The

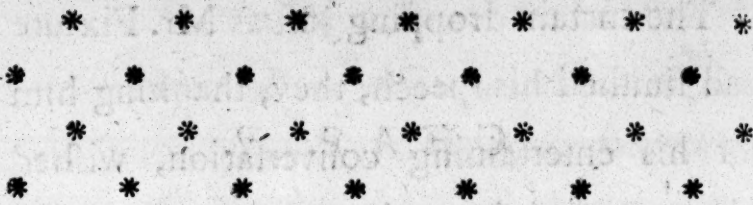
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The curtain dropping just as Mr. Fixture had finished his speech, they, thanking him for his entertaining conversation, wished him a good night, and were preparing to go, when the doctor observed that sir David was missing, and enquired where he was gone. Jerry said he had stepped out about half an hour ago, saying that he would be back again immediately.

It was quickly resolved that the doctor should remain in the box while Jerry went in search of him. His search was not long or laborious; for he spied him, as he stepped out of the box, chatting in high glee with one of the Cyprian corps before the lobby fire——\*

\* \* \* \* \*





Hiatus in manuscripto terque quaterque deflendus ‡:

‡ A gap in the MS. never too much to be lamented.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

A true but foolish proverb—Mr. Minshall's creditors  
 hardened by a contrivance of her ladyship's—  
 Mr. and Mrs. Minshall's affliction—the  
 consequence—Jerry gets an employ-  
 ment he little expected—a conver-  
 sation between him and Pernel  
 —Mr. Minshall's pride  
 gives way to  
 necessity.

THE Italians have a proverb which says,  
 that *Cent' ore di malinconia non pagano un quat-  
 trino di debito*.—A hundred pound of sorrow  
 won't pay an ounce of debt ; and who will  
 not subscribe to the truth of it ? Had it  
 been otherwise, the friends of Mr. and Mrs.

Minshall, all save one, would soon have discharged the demands of their creditors ; for their grief was sincere and unrestrained. Nor were our prisoners themselves, though their mutual comfort and careffes could dissipate the gloom of dungeons, and almost make an Eden of a desert, entirely free from sorrow and complaint. None indeed is exempt from the sensibility of evil. All men, says the poet \*, are *condemned alike to groan* ;

The tender for another's pain,

The unfeeling for his own.

The loss of liberty and those conveniences and superfluities which administer to the pleasures of life, and which are ever more dear to us when participated with those we love—the sudden change from the enjoyment of every indulgence that the full horn

\* Gray.



of plenty could supply, to taste the bitter draught of adversity, and feel the misery of want, would shake the firmest mind, would fill a stoic's breast with sighs, and teach his eye to weep. Mr. Minshall was but man, and could not view unmoved this sad and grievous alteration in his fortune. The interesting situation of his wife added an excruciating pang to his affliction; his cares for her were incessant. But all this he bore with patience and resignation—'Twas light to what he had to suffer!

Lady Greymont, we recollect, was entrusted with a commission to endeavour to relieve the confined, either by interceding for them with their creditors to effect their enlargement, or by pecuniary assistance to alleviate the pains of their imprisonment. The lamb was given in care to the wolf!

Her first movement was to ascertain the

amount of Mr. Minshall's debts, and the persons to whom he was most indebted. This information she quickly acquired, and with it more than she wished to learn.

It appeared that the amount was considerable, but that it was principally in the hands of two, who, viewing the whole with an eye of charity, were willing at Mr. Minshall's personal request to set him at liberty; upon condition that, in following the profession of the law, to which he was bred, he should, after using a sufficiency for his subsistence, appropriate the remainder of his profits to the liquidation of his debts.

To counteract this good and benevolent intention, was now the business of her ladyship; insatiable and malignant, she persecuted them even in the gulph of ruin. The wicked are never in want of agents to forward

ward

ward their machinations. Lady Greymont could have commanded a legion, but she was too shrewd and wary an artificer to trust her plots to many. Jerry's history had been related to her; and in her mind she had long fixed upon him as a proper subject to aid her in her schemes, and intended to make overtures to him on the first occasion.

This was the morning subsequent to the day on which Mr. Minshall had been arrested; and having heard the inclination of the creditors, she found there was no time to be lost; and supposing that Jerry would require some little preparation, she had recourse, for the present, to an old abettor of hers, who, though infirm in the service, soon raised a report that Mr. Minshall had concealed a great part of his property, with which he meant to have made off to America.



rica. The next day this appeared in several newspapers, and the desired effect was produced. The creditors were hardened; and lord Greymont and sir David refused to have any thing more to do in the affair. Her ladyship seemed to lament, and at the same time by doubtful speeches to confirm the rumor. — At last she was apparently prevailed on by much entreaty to strive to forget that she had ever known such unworthy people.

The upright man can bear with a little murmuring the shafts of fortune; but he cannot endure the arrows of slander that would wound his honour. He fears less the blasts of adversity than the breath of calumny.

Mr. Minshall had been some weeks in prison before he heard of this report. The little money he had was almost expended, and his comforts (if such they might be  
called)

called) were greatly abridged. His sufferings, both of body and mind, were, from various circumstances, so multiplied and severe, that they had led him to hope for a speedy cessation, as doubting that they could be augmented. But when he was told, by a letter from one of his creditors, of the stain that defaced his character abroad, all his other calamities were as a feather in the scale. His conduct was alarming; his heart, that never knew what it was to do a dishonest act, swelled in his indignant bosom at the imputation, as though 'twould burst: he wept, he raved—now thought of killing himself, and now his calumniator.—But who was his calumniator? There was the mystery that he wished to live only to unravel, and which now almost drove his reason from its seat.

From this distracted state he was called, and brought to assume a milder appearance, by the sudden and terrifying mien of Mrs. Minshall. The intelligence had wounded her to the heart—She had not grieved with him, nor striven to console him : her whole mind was employed in thinking of the cause that could have given rise to such a rumor, and she felt that she was the unfortunate origin of all ; her numberless losses at cards, which could be but doubtfully accounted for, had given, she imagined, both being and probability to the story of his having concealed his property. She had therefore not only brought on his ruin, but caused his name to be branded with dishonour. Dumb with these reflections, she sat, unobserved by him, as one lost or inanimate. But the internal workings of her soul were not to remain long without producing on so



delicate a frame some corresponding convulsions.

She was taken in labour!—Assistance was obtained, and Mr. Minshall's attention soon entirely centred in the partner of his cares.

“ Assistance was obtained : ”—But how ? may very naturally be asked, considering the state of their finances.—Which question will find itself resolved by the recital of a part of our history which preceded this event.

We might fancy that lady Greymont, by her last *coup-de main*, would have nearly glutted herself with revenge. But, no! it was not enough for her that they suffered : she would fain have been present at their suffering. This could not be ; therefore some one was to be engaged as a medium to entertain her with a description of the

misery they underwent—and Jerry was the man !

Being sent for into her room, her ladyship informed him that she was not ignorant of his former mode of living ; and then, with all imaginable delicacy and art, disclosed the motive of their interview.

Jerry, though no tyro in roguery, was petrified with astonishment at the scene and prospect of iniquity which her ladyship had laid open to his view :—He saw through it in an instant ; and, recovering himself, vowed an eternal obedience to her commands.

She flattered him with praises, and loaded him with promises of reward, if he proved secret and faithful. Their conversation was long ; and before they parted Jerry had wheedled himself into her entire confidence, and was dismissed to perform his first

first services, which were, to bring her an account of their wretchedness, and, if they were relieved, to learn immediately the names of the persons.

I must here warn the reader against forming too hasty an opinion of Jerry, from what he has heard. Men may undertake bad acts merely to prevent their being put into the hands of others who would execute them—Such was the case with Jerry. The good do not despise the wicked so much as the wicked hate one another ; and that which makes a man abhor the vicious must make him admire, if not love, the virtuous.

Though Jerry had done what he ought not to have done, and though he had been much worse than he ever was, he might still have revered the image of virtue ; for I contend that it is as possible for a bad man

to



to feel a warm attachment for virtue, as it is for an ugly man to dote on beauty. Jerry, beside, was far from being abandoned, had left his former ways, and esteemed and wished to serve the good. His blood was chilled with indignant passion, as he saw by degrees the "form and pressure" of her ladyship's soul:—but his breast beat with delight when he perceived that, by seeming to become the servant of vice, he might be the means of succouring the afflictions of innocence. The happiness in which Mr. and Mrs. Minshall appeared to live; the gentleness of their manners, and the goodness of their hearts, which were manifest on all occasions, had not passed unheeded by him, nor had he felt less for their misfortune than those who expressed their sorrow more openly.

Jerry was, as her ladyship knew, perfectly

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fectly well acquainted with all places in town of private and public resort, and gaols amongst others of the *latter* description, but especially with that one, and its turnkey, in which Mr. Minshall was confined.

Lady Greymont had particularly desired him to act cautiously, and in this he obeyed her strictly. For, though counteracting every thing she wished to be done, yet *so cautious* was he that she never discovered the imposition. Being known to our prisoners, he was ordered to gather his information respecting them, not from themselves, for fear of suspicion, but from his friend the turnkey, who over a bottle of wine was as communicative as necessary. And to this connection Mr. and Mrs. Minshall were indebted for a great part of the good treatment they experienced. From it also Jerry first learnt the author of the  
para-

paragraphs so injurious to the reputation of Mr. Minshall. It was parson Libel, who being applied to by lady Greymont's agent had willingly undertaken the task, with the double view of gaining a handsome fee, and gratifying his revenge for the usage he had received on Mr. Minshall's account.

Jerry's good intentions would most likely have been frustrated, had he exerted himself to contradict the report; he was therefore judiciously silent on that subject for the moment, but effectually secured parson Libel, with the assistance of his friend, from continuing the villainous attack.

Her ladyship was highly contented with Jerry's conduct. He visited the prison daily, and brought her such fictitious accounts as were best calculated to please her. In the mean time his attention was assiduously fixed upon the welfare of Mr. and

Mrs.



Mrs. Minshall, and he saw with uneasiness the decrease of their fund, and the want that threatened them. How to relieve this was now his care, and no prime minister was ever more troubled than poor Jerry, to determine on the proper mode of raising the necessary supplies : he ruminated and pondered on it with a studious mind, and at last, from various flattering circumstances, concluded that Pernel was the only person from whom he could hope for success.

The physician's prognostication proving true, Pernel had recovered from every infirmity of the body, but still remained a mental invalid. The prospect before her was now so changed—her friend no more present to alleviate her sorrows, and share her joys—Urban no longer there to gladden every scene—that she appeared to have awakened from a golden dream of happy visions,

visions, which she might remember with a sigh, but scarcely ever hope to see again. Her spirits drooped, her happiness was fled,

"And melancholy mark'd *her* for her own!"

Her only comfort was in talking with lady Greymont of her friend, and devising means whereby she might be succoured. Her ladyship with well-dissembled tears, and words that breathed a soul of pity and affection, met her and joined her in every thing; but constantly, with marks of sad affliction, raised insurmountable objections to all her plans. Deceived, she submitted, and, seeing lady Greymont's grief, endeavoured in the innocence and kindness of her heart to forget her own, to chase the seemingly unwelcome intimate from her ladyship.

It was about this time that Jerry took advantage of lady Greymont's absence one morning,

morning, to open to Pernel the affair he had in contemplation, and to ask her assistance. He found her sitting, as usual during the morning, with a tambour frame before her, on which she was working, to amuse her mind, and relieve it, if possible, from thoughts with which it was too apt to be troubled.—Jerry began :

“ I hope you will forgive me, miss Pernel,” said he, “ for intruding upon your studies ; but I have long observed in you a great regard for poor Mrs. Minshall.”

“ Ah ! my poor friend !” interrupted Pernel.

“ Yesterday,” continued he, “ I had the curiosity to go and see them.”

“ Did you ?” cried she : “ Would to heaven I could go too ! but lady Greymont tells me that cannot be.”

“ Yet



"Yet you do not ask me, miss Pernel," said Jerry, "whether they are well?"

"'Tis not an hour ago," she replied, "since I heard that they were well, and in want of nothing but happiness."

"Who, miss Pernel, pray who told you this?"

"Lady Greymont. She tells me every morning how it fares with them—'tis my greatest consolation. But why," said she hastily, "do you look as if you knew the contrary? Tell me, tell me! Is it not true?"

"I would it were!" replied Jerry; "and I fear to tell you how it is."

"Tell, tell me the worst!" she cried; "fear nothing: I have been too long acquainted with ill tidings to dread the shock of hearing more!"

"The

"The urgency of the case could alone induce me to speak," said Jerry—"Their money is all gone ! and unless they are assisted with a supply, they must, after this day, live upon the gaol allowance, and shortly lose the comfort of a pillow to lie on !"

"It cannot be !" exclaimed Pernel ; "it cannot be !"

"Is it not more probable," said he, "that lady Greymont may be misinformed, than that I should mistake, who heard it from the mouth of the turnkey himself ?"

"True, true !" cried Pernel—"Good woman ! she has been deceived." (While

saying this, she drew her purse precipitately from her pocket, and, putting it into Jerry's hand, burst into tears.) "Starve !"

He ejaculated : No ! never, never while I live ! Fly, fly, my friend ! take it to them !  
make

make them have it, though it is but little ladyship  
 —'Twill do for the present, and they shall get her  
 have more before 'tis gone !" Jerry

Jerry was quite overcome by the warmth of  
 of her friendship and benevolence, and break it  
 could with difficulty restrain his tears. — "Not only  
 blessing on you !" he cried. "The riches of other  
 of worlds are poor in estimation, when explain.  
 compared to a heart like yours ! I will The c  
 carry it to them ; but from whom shall he most  
 say it comes ?" — She paused — e should

"Not from me—" said she : "Don't himself  
 say it came from me. Say it came from—light le  
 from——" ed, t

"From whom ?" he interrupted. rnkey,

"From lady Greymont." ere by

"From lady Greymont !" he cried. This w

"Ay !" she replied ; "and tell them that r. Min  
 she'll send them more to-morrow ; which twithst  
 you shall take from me : and, lest he

ladyship



little ladyship should undeceive them, we won't  
 shall let her know what we've done."

Jerry was exceedingly pleased with this  
 arm's determination, which, fearing she should  
 and break it, he exhorted her to persevere in,  
 —"Not only for the reason she had given, but  
 riches or others which he said he could not then  
 when explain.

I will The only trouble now was to resolve on  
 shall be the most unobjectionable manner in which  
 she should convey it to the party. To carry  
 Don himself was deemed objectionable, as it  
 from might lead to discovery; the scheme ad-  
 opted, therefore, was to give it to the  
 turnkey, and to desire him to say it was left  
 here by a stranger.

ed. This was done, to the great surprise of  
 em that Mr. Minshall, who felt so much hurt, that,  
 which notwithstanding his want, he refused to touch  
 est he it.

ladyship

it. Keep it he was obliged ; for there was no one to receive it back.

Mrs. Minshall saw it in another light. She believed firmly that it came from lady Greymont, and talked much of her goodness on every occasion, but especially of her endeavours to persuade her to stay at his lordship's house. She wished to accept the present, and used every argument she could think of to prevail upon her husband to agree to it. Her reasoning and entreaties, however, were vain ; but what they could not effect, was brought about by her sudden indisposition.—Relief was absolutely necessary, and none could be obtained without money.—The moment was critical !—Pride yielded to reason—the money was used—and “ *Assistance was obtained.*”

CHAP

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VOL.

## CHAP. VI.

How a man may learn his own mind—the operation of love on cod, and some other fish—sir David buys a bed—a letter from Urban—the baronet wishes to leave town—lord Greymont makes an offer of his hand to Pernel—what followed.

FEW read books with half the advantage they might derive from them: and none, perhaps, ever imagined that noting the works we study is the best and surest way to discover our minds to others, and to learn them ourselves. Nothing would, I think, so soon and so clearly demonstrate the disposition

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disposition and sentiments of any man to an indifferent person, as the perusal of books in which the former had marked those passages that had given him the most satisfaction. A man might also, by adopting such a mode of reading, perceive the difference of his opinion, and the improvement of his judgment, at various periods of his life. For he who should go through an author in this manner, at twenty, at thirty, and at forty years of age, would each time note with approbation what he had neglected before, and erase some of those marks of admiration his earlier powers of discrimination had induced him to make. But, what is more, as most men do not know their own minds, and can give no reasonable account of their principles and tenets, but discover them involuntarily, as it were, in the sentiments of an author, he

might himself, as well as others, more speedily, by turning to the books he has thus read, come at a knowledge of his inclinations and passions, than by any confession of his own, however earnest and faithful.

No one, for instance, would give it as his opinion, or really think, that his mind was low and filthy; but let me see a book (supposing him to have marked honestly those passages which gave him the most pleasure) in which all the indecent similes and wanton descriptions were distinguished, and I would immediately pronounce it to be so, and hold it good against his strongest negative: and in time he would likewise acknowledge that the deduction had been just.

This is one amongst a thousand advantages neglected by readers—neglected, perhaps, because it never entered their heads—

and I give them the hint, not that they should practise it on me in particular, (for I shall be content to be read as they please,) but for them to use whenever they like, and for the sake of a digression, which I know they are fond of even to dotage.

Love, says an anonymous author,

—————affails

And warms 'mid seas of ice the melting Whales ;  
Cools crimped COD, fierce pangs to PERCH imparts,  
Shrinks shrivell'd SHRIMPS, but opens OYSTERS'  
hearts.

Various, indeed, are its effects throughout creation. On the doctor it did not produce all the ardour and attention which sir David desired, and he had often insinuated as much to him. These admonitions he received with a smile, and immediately found a precedent for his conduct in the Lacedæmonian matches, in which the parties never

saw



saw one another till after they were married. However, as he always professed himself ready to obey his father's commands, sir David, though remarkably attached to the old English mode of courtship, consented to let him follow his own, or, as he was pleased to call it, the Spartan style.

Sir David conceived every thing to be in such a fine training, that, passing along the streets one morning with his son, and seeing an auction "of the furniture of a deceased nobleman," he went in and bought a very superb bed. I should not mention this trifling circumstance were it not to expose an imposition too frequent in London.

Sir David had heard of sham auctions, but he could have no suspicions of this being one, as it was expressly said to be "the furniture of a deceased nobleman," and as it was sold in an elegant house in one of

the principal streets at the west end of the town. He bid, 'twas knock'd down to him—he deposited, and it was sent home. When it came to his lordship's, sir David summoned them all to see his new purchase. The bed was put up, and every thing fitted very well, till they came to the valance or curtain that hangs round the tester and stead of the bed. This was found extremely deficient in length and width. The man said there must have been some mistake in collecting the things together, but that he would go instantly and fetch the right. He went, and they waited—but no man returned. At length Jerry was sent to enquire into the cause; and sifting the matter to the bottom, he found that the valance to the bed “*of a deceased nobleman*” was not yet made!

Sir David withstood their raillery as well

as

as he was able, and often after told the story—but never without making the hearer feel, if not the point of the anecdote, the point of his finger, when he came to the valance.

However this affair may incline the reader to regard the baronet, we are of opinion that it reflects no disgrace on him, and that he merits on its account neither ridicule nor pity. To be deceived sometimes, argues honesty and simplicity of heart. The knave alone is *always* proof against the cunning of the world.

Urban's return had been expected for some days, when they received a letter from him, to inform them that the old lieutenant his father suffered so much from his asthma as to be confined to his bed, and that he could not think of leaving him until he was recovered.



The affliction of their worthy old friend was universally deplored, and the filial affection of Urban did not pass without its tribute of applause. Sir David, fearing he might not be attended properly, and knowing that old Morgan was better acquainted with his ways than any one else, sent him off immediately by the stage, ordering him to spare nothing to reinstate the lieutenant's health. Morgan willingly accepted the charge—and, but that he left Sir David and Pernel behind him, quitted London and its amusement without regret.

The spring was now approaching, and Sir David had long since been tired of a town life; but, having his grand scheme in view, had borne it with great fortitude and patience. The day on which the above-mentioned letter arrived he had pressed Pernel about his son, and intimated a wish

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to see them married, if possible, before he returned to the country.

Pernel heard him remind her of her promise with the greatest uneasiness. Her respect for sir David—her love for Urban—her unhappiness on account of her friend—together created a conflict of passions in her bosom which no pencil could describe. She could not agree—she could not refuse. The only way she had left to gain a respite was to plead ill health, and to beg he would defer it.

Sir David could not deny his consent to so reasonable a request: he confessed that he had hoped to join them together before they left town; but as her health (which was as dear to him as to herself) would not permit it, he would postpone it for a short time—"And," said he, "as I am sure the fatigue of the life you lead here has made

you so unwell, I think the sooner we escape from it the better. My son will, I know, be glad to have a little hunting before the season is over; and, to tell you the truth," continued he, "I long to go back: which will, I am certain, be another inducement to you to return."

These words again agitated her mind with wishes and fears. The letter they had received, which told her that Urban would remain in the country, for a moment attracted all her thoughts from London—but how could she leave her unfortunate friend, who might need the little assistance which, being present, she might be able to afford her? These various reflections rendered her unable to answer sir David, and she entreated him to allow her a few minutes to consider of it.

This interval was employed in consulting

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ing Jerry (as he was to go with them) on the possibility of their being able to hear constantly of Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, and whether he knew any one on whom he could depend to take care that they never were in want of money. She was impatient to go, but could not agree to it unless these objections were obviated.

Jerry, weighing both sides of the question, advised her to quit London by all means, assuring her, that, from a thought which had just then occurred to him, he had no doubt but that she might prove of more service to them by going into the country than otherwise ; at any rate to the full as much, as he would manage the matter.

Pernel had no sooner informed sir David that she was ready to obey his pleasure, than he announced his departure to lord and lady Greymont ; the suddenness of

which gave them much surprise, and no entreaty was not used to prevail upon them to stay. Sir David was naturally obstinate; and the fears he entertained about Pernel's health, if she remained, made him doubly so:—Go he would, and go he did.

Lady Greymont knew the cause of Pernel's indisposition, and foresaw with envy the pleasure she was going to enjoy in the company of Urban—She sickened at the thought of happiness in others, and her whole strength was bent to destroy it. She filled his lordship's mind with jealousy—but, full of his own consequence, he scarcely esteemed the doctor a rival, much less Urban;—and now, prompted by her ladyship and his own love, he resolved to crush both their hopes, by declaring to Pernel herself that he would make her his wife. He seized an opportunity and made his declaration ;

ration; but she was no longer that Pernel with whom he used to discourse of love, and whose humorous remarks were wont to tease as well as amuse him. She received his offer with ineffable coolness, and without the least equivocation frankly told him that she had neither heart nor hand to bestow.—Astonished, but not confounded, he proceeded to talk much of the advantages she would derive from an alliance with him, and swore that he had long laboured all he could to make her love him.—“ I cannot help it, my lord !” said she; “ but if you have, you have only learnt that love is not acquired by *labour*, or gained by offers of *greatness*.” Saying this, she left the room, and would never after meet him alone.—While she was uncertain of her love, she thought nothing of the professions made to her; but now that she felt too  
well



well in whom it rested, she deemed every word she heard from his lordship an insult to the truth and purity of her affection.

Whether disappointed pride, or neglected love, gained the ascendant in his lordship's breast, would be difficult to decide. He flew without delay to his trusty counsellor, lady Greymont, and laid before her the whole of his grievances. Her ladyship pretended to be as indignant at the treatment he had met with as himself, and blew up the flames of jealousy, resentment, and love in his bosom, until he was a lion to all the world except her ladyship, by whom he was led more gentle than a lamb.

Have her he would!—To have her was her ladyship's advice, by fair means or foul!—'Twas her opinion that no means could be called foul which were used by one who had made such honourable offers as his lordship:

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lordship:—in short, it was left to her to contrive a scheme that might speedily and effectually baffle every attempt to thwart his inclination.

The day appointed for sir David, Pernel and the doctor, to leave London, arrived—Parson Burley, not having terminated his affairs, was obliged to remain behind. Before this period, however, lady Greymont, understanding that Jerry was to accompany them, and having much approved of his services in town, thought he might prove of as much if not more use to her in the country: she had therefore opened to him the whole affair between his lordship and Pernel, and engaged him to assist her in bringing them together, when, she said, his fortune would be made. This was a new vein, and one he little expected: he was stupefied with surprise, but too good an actor

actor to discover it : he agreed to every thing she proposed with alacrity, and left her without a doubt of his faithfulness and her future success.

After the usual compliments, and her ladyship's saying she feared she could not live without them, and hinting (what she knew would be necessary) that she should be with them *before they expected her*, our country friends quitted lord Greymont's for Dynevawr-house.



## C H A P. VII.

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What has the most influence over us—the pleasure derived from kissing inanimate things—a flannel petticoat—a speech made to James I.—absurd sayings exposed—Nab's *light* supper—how to procure a nap—Pindaric odes—sir David's reception in the country—how Martha amused herself—a separation, and for what purpose.

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**T**HERE is a certain indescribable something which diffuses a pleasing sensation over the mind, when we review the place where once we enjoyed the company and converse of an object that has awakened in us the feelings of affection. “We act,”  
says

says a justly celebrated author, " upon all things, and all things act upon us ; but nothing has so much influence as what we love." And it is natural, when the object is absent, to transfer our love for it, as much as we are able, to the places and things which it seemed most to delight in, and to be attracted by them as by a magnet, thinking them the only subjects we have left worthy of our contemplation.

Such had been the comfort and consolation of Urban, from the moment he arrived at his father's. To wander through Sir David's grounds, the scene of his own and Pernel's infancy, produced in him a melancholy pleasure, and filled his imagination at one instant with the sweet remembrance of what was past, and at the next with gloomy images of what he feared was yet to come.

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In these rambles his never-failing companion was Ponto, a spaniel dog, now old, who had been formerly their mutual favourite. He recollected his old master, and attended him wherever he went—would seem to smile when Urban was pleased, and, when he threw himself on the grass, would lie down by his side and stir not till he rose.

Added to these he had still another solace. It may be remembered that Pernel, on his leaving town, had entrusted him with a small parcel—It was for himself, and contained a ring which he wore as a talisman, the possession of which secured him many moments of happiness. The gift he interpreted into a thousand good omens, and kissed and blessed it ten thousand times.

“Kissed? Kiss a fiddlestick!” I think hear some cold phlegmatic reader exclaim, whose withered lips are no more fit for kissing  
than



than his person is to represent that of Apollo Belvidere—one who is as ignorant of the regions of Love, as he is of the gulf of Pechelée, or Zeu-a-tau point—or one who has been superannuated and laid on Love's shelf for these last forty years. Something like this he must be to make such an exclamation.

Heavens ! how I pity the man who feels no pleasure in kissing even the shoe-string of a lovely woman ! What would such an one think of the swain in Theocritus, who kissed the threshold of the door, *kuse tan phlian*\* ? Or what would he say to Rousseau, who in his Confessions declares that madame D——y, once when it was cold, sent him a *little under-petticoat* of English flannel, which she told him *she had worn*, and desired him to make an under-waistcoat of

\* Idyl. 23.

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it?—" This present," continues he, " I kissed and shed tears upon repeatedly."

But what signifies what he thinks, or what he says; for who will listen to him? Were I able, however, to imagine that a youth could entertain the sentiment I ascribe to age, I could not refrain from giving him the blessing which was granted by an old priest to James the first on his coming to England:

" May Heaven bless you, and make *a man* of you, though it has but bad stuff to make it of!"

Martha, notwithstanding his profane profession, had always held Urban in great esteem; and his present gloom and disposition to solitude were further inducements to her to think well of him: for, whilst his mother attributed his chagrin to solicitude about his father's health, the pious Martha believed it to arise from an awakened con-

4

science,

science, and hoped to see him brought into the right path through the briars and brambles of repentance.

It was thought, however, by some, that the virgin Martha's fervent zeal for his future welfare had been lit up in her soul by a naughty flame for him, that played about her heart, and which made her flesh yearn towards him in a manner that ill became a woman of her abstracted tenets. In terms as plain, the old girl, as it is vulgarly and very erroneously said, was believed to have *a sweet tooth left*, notwithstanding the four discipline she followed and professed. This saying I call erroneous, because like many others it is untrue. For, in the first place, it is doubtful whether an old woman has any tooth left; and if she has, 'tis a thousand pound to a penny that it is not *a sweet one*. Another of this kind, to the full as absurd, is

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that of observing, when a man dies, that he *has given up the ghost*.—There is certainly a great impropriety in this, as the very reverse would be much more pertinent—We should say, that he *is going to act the ghost*.—But there is no end to these contradictions; and to discuss them is offering food to the mind on which it can banquet with no more benefit than a hungry man could on the supper prepared by *Nab* for *Orpheus*; which consisted of an ant roasted in a ray of the sun, flies' eggs poached in moonshine, a flea's thigh scotch-colloped, butterflies' brains dissolved in dew, lovers' vows and courtiers' hopes, things to be seen by microscopes, sucking mites, a glowworm's heart, and last of all a rainbow tart\*.

We can only read the hearts of women or men with the eye of conjecture, which often

\* See King's *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*.

deceives

deceives us; and as I never heard of any overt act, I am apt to think, for the sake of charity, that this report respecting Martha was only warranted by premises, and not by facts.

Urban's attention to his father as he grew worse was unintermitted. He never left him, unless the good old lieutenant, who only wished to live to see the prosperity of his son, and feared lest his constant care should endanger his own health, insisted upon his leaving him to take the benefit of air and exercise.

Morgan had not been with him long before he began to recover. I do not conclude, however, that his coming drove away the lieutenant's complaint so much as the change of weather on the approach of spring.

It was just at this moment, when Urban was delighted with the favourable symptoms  
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he saw in his father, that he received the joyous intelligence of Pernel's speedy arrival in the country. He had questioned old Morgan over and over again, about every thing that had passed in London in any manner relating to Pernel, and had collected from him a confused account of the misfortune of Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, which gave him much uneasiness. On the other hand, the loss of spirits in Pernel, which Morgan told him happened immediately after he left her, and which he assisted Urban to construe into love for him, made his heart beat with anxiety and hope. But he was soon to learn the whole from her, from Pernel herself—She was to come and tell him all.

And here we must return to our travellers. Where are they?—On the direct road to Dynevawr house; and as they were



provided with a new coach, there was no fear of such accidents as they met with in their former route. None happened of any moment. And as Quintilian says that Cicero accuses Demosthenes of napping, and Horace Homer\*; we, (the reader and myself) to be classical, will take our nap in this part of the work, and sleep comfortably in the new carriage until we come to the end of their journey.

But mayhap the reader will say I mistake Quintilian, and that he means by napping tediousness and dullness, and not omitting any part that may be entertaining if not interesting. I confess I did mistake, and intentionally; since, notwithstanding all I have said, I could not have afforded the reader a nap by any other means, being, as he must well know by this time, totally un-

\* Inst. lib. x. cap. i.

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able to be either tedious or dull. An ideal nap I can allow him, but no other. If he wishes however for a real one, let him put down my work and take my prescription. Supposing him an epicure, I recommend two delicate dishes to him, that he most likely never heard of, which will at once gratify his taste and procure the desired effect.

The first is an owl pie; the other dormice stuffed with opium, and stewed in poppy juice\*.

To return to sir David then were needless; for, if we are to skip over his journey, he will come to us.—Come to us he did, even as Cowley makes Elijah go to heaven—in his coach.

Cowley says of the prophet, So

Did he to heaven approach,

And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was *his coach*.

\* See Petronius, and King's ninth letter at the end of his Art of Cookery.

How flat is this to the description of his translation in the first book of Kings, where he and Elisha are said to have been parted by *a chariot and horses of fire*, and that the former was carried *in a whirlwind to heaven*! Indeed I never could admire Cowley for the spirit, expansion, and energy which some have affected to perceive in his Pindaric Odes. Nor was I ever in reading them inclined to rapture, though I have often been to smile. The beginning of the "Ecstasy," for instance, is almost as fine a specimen of the sublime as imagination can conceive.

I leave mortality and *things below* :

I have no time *in compliments* to waste ;

*Farewell to ye all in haste,*

*For I am call'd to go, &c.*

The butler, on the bell's ringing, could not leave his fellow servants in the kitchen with more appropriate language or poetry.

Sprat,



Sprat, one of his greatest admirers and best imitators, in a Pindaric ode speaks of him thus :

Just such a fire as thine,  
Of such an unmix'd glorious *shine*,  
Was Prometheus's flame,  
Which from no less than heaven came.

We were once told that Prometheus stole his fire from the chariot of the Sun ; but from Mr. Sprat we learn, that he took it in the shape of a *red-hot coal* out of one of the *chimneys* of heaven.

Along he brought the *sparkling coal*  
From some *celestial chimney* stole.

However, it is with pleasure that I yield my authority to Mr. Sprat's, since his assertion will solve all the phenomena of astronomy. The stars are undoubtedly mere fires lit up for the comfort of the inhabitants of heaven ; the larger ones

kitchen, the smaller parlour fires. And the sun in all probability belongs to the victualling-office. We sometimes observe a star or fire shining with uncommon splendour, which must be owing to its having been just poked; and we occasionally miss one, which simply arises from their having let the fire out. And, lastly, the galaxy, or that infinite number of stars seen by astronomers—they are very likely nothing but red-hot coals or cinders that are continually dropping all round from the various fires above us.

This ode of Sprat's was professedly written in imitation of Cowley; and the resemblance is good, but especially at the end, where he addresses his Muse:

Check thy young Pindaric heat,  
Which makes THY PEN too much *to sweat*;  
'Tis but an infant yet,  
And just now left *the teat*.

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Such are odes composed in the style of Pindar, whom the reader (if he has not perused him) must necessarily conclude to be one of the funniest writers of all antiquity.

After this truly Pindaric flight, let us once more fall into the humble path of plain narration.

In the days of “ old British hospitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muskets, and halberts hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and ‘ Chevy Chace’ and ‘ The old Courtier of the Queen’s,’ were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor”—In those happy days no lord of the manor was ever more joyfully received than were sir David and his family by the peasantry of the little village which their presence enlivened,



livened, and their bounty succoured and relieved. They met them with every mark of popular affection, and accompanied them with tumultuous joy to Dynevawr-house, where their fealty was rewarded with copious draughts of old October. The ale was broached, the sheep roasted, and mirth and welcome, hearty as general, prevailed throughout the whole crew.

Their coming conduced greatly to restore the old lieutenant's spirits, but he was still unable to leave his cabin to partake of the merriment on board the ADMIRAL.

His wife had been very industrious in assisting to prepare every thing for their reception, Martha being absent when the intelligence arrived of sir David's speedy return. Martha was indeed the only person not there to receive them—which occasioned some surprise—nor was that surprise much diminished

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It appeared that the virgin Martha was gone on a save-soul pilgrimage to a neighbouring village. Not content with the small circle she had hitherto moved in, her pious inclination had excited her to attempt to revolve in a wider orb; and for this purpose she had been at different times to every hut for ten miles round, exhorting to repentance, and converting to that religious persuasion with which sir David's gardener had impregnated her.

Her absence was amply repaid to her flock by the presence of sir David, who, by the way, took the same advantage of it as she had done of his; restoring the temple dedicated to Bacchus to its former shape, and refitting it for its original purpose.

While he was thus employed, and the doctor immersed in the affairs of the stable and the chace, Pernel and Urban were solacing their minds with the memory of the happy hours they had once enjoyed on that spot. Their present meeting was unlike any they had before experienced. She had learnt from their separation how necessary his company was to her happiness. Love in a virtuous bosom is as ingenuous as it is pure. She concealed from him no emotion of her soul: whatever she had felt and did yet feel she disclosed. He was not more ready than she was to confess the pain endured during the time they were away from each other. Mutual were now the confessions of their loves, their hopes and fears; the last of which too frequently intruded on them to permit the fruition of undisturbed.

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turbed felicity. Often amidst their vows of love, or whilst Pernel was playing to him on her harp, and

Softly sweet in Lydian measures

Strove to sooth his soul to pleasures\*,

a sigh would steal from his bosom at the recollection of the many obstacles there were to oppose their union. Sir David's wishes, and their fear to displease him, were a continual source of uneasiness, and poisoned the rich draught of happiness which every other circumstance concurred to crown. His fears were more rooted than hers. "Sir David is too good, and loves me too well," she would say, "to make me marry any one but him with whom I could be happy. My welfare is all he wishes, I am sure. Yours is entwined in mine, and he will

\* Dryden's Alexander's Feast.

befriend us both." Such consolation as it rather flattered his hopes than removed his fears ; so was it dictated to her who administered it, more by her wishes than by exemption from dread.

Some time elapsed in this mixture of pleasure and pain, when a second separation was found necessary, in which, surprising as it may appear, they both willingly acquiesced.

Jerry had kept up a regular correspondence with a friend to whose care he had entrusted Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, and, from several circumstances that presented themselves to his view, judged this a fair opportunity to make an attempt to set our prisoners at liberty. He had repeatedly conversed with Urban and Pernel about their misfortune, and was pleased to see a readiness in both to exert every nerve to effect their

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From parson Libel he had learnt the name of lady Greymont's agent, who had employed him to asperse the character of Mr. Minshall; and he knew that for a bribe the parson would confess the collusion. This being the only obstacle to mercy in the two principal creditors, he was well aware that, if it could be removed, it would be exercised to the completion of their desire.

Urban heard the proposition with pleasure, and undertook the task without hesitation ;



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tation ; for he felt not only that his own inclination prompted him to it, but that in doing it he should be the happy cause of adding a joy to the heart of Pernel.

The lieutenant being considerably reinstated, Urban pretended to have some business of consequence in London, which would occupy him for a short time ; promising, as it would be some months before he should be able to put to sea, to return again as soon as it was finished. Leave was quickly obtained ; and after further instructions from Jerry, and a tender but now a joyful parting with Pernel, he set out on an expedition, the undertaking of which would almost alone have gained the affection of her he left behind.

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## C H A P. VIII

Who are the happiest—Urban's success—lady  
 Greymont's resolution—Jerry's—his alarm—  
 —love and gunpowder, a simile—sir  
 David's eyes opened—a confession—  
 —the lieutenant in a passion,  
 and why the reader  
 smiles.

MILTON calls his reader "the knowing reader," thinking, I suppose, to pay him a compliment; but I, who wish him all the happiness in the world, would rather style him "the foolish reader." Folly is, I think, necessary to happiness. The grand characteristic of folly is want of thought. Now,  
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without thought there can be little care, and the conclusion is evident. What some term misfortune in an unthinking man is, indeed, the source of all his happiness, mirth, and gaiety. Thoughtless of the past and future, he revels in the present; whilst wisdom, pondering on what is gone by, and thoughtful of what is yet to come, overclouds the existing moment with sad reflection, and shrinks from the idea of sporting amidst human misery on the brink of eternity—an eternity so doubtful and full of danger that it “*would distract all the wits of mankind, if they could understand it perfectly as it is\**.” Who then shall say that the wise is the happier man? He that should dare to affirm it, would contradict an authority, the bare attempt of which

\* J. Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*, page 535.

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would, in my opinion, invalidate and set at nought the soundest reasoning he could advance. The scriptures have said that in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. And again, that the children of this world are wiser than the children of light—But who ever said they were happier?

A truce to sermons, and be free leave allowed to the reader to take the epithet bestowed by Milton in preference to the other with all its happiness;—though he may perhaps conceive that he is strongly entitled to mine for having read so far as the 8th chapter of the third volume. But, after all, epithets are better omitted; because, as Broome observes in his preface to *A mad Couple well matched*, “One will not fit you all, and I hate to make differences among friends.”

Sir David, seeing the sensible alteration  
for



for the better in Pernel's looks, flattered himself that it was entirely owing to his having persuaded her to leave town, and with confidence began to renew his entreaty that she would fix the day which should unite her to his son. The old baronet only wished to see some sprouts shooting to perpetuate his stock, to give them his blessing, and then to drop like a leaf in autumn. His concern therefore was great, when he again found that, without any apparent reason, Pernel still endeavoured to postpone the hour.

'Twas all she could do. Her regard for sir David, and the manner in which the affair seemed to affect him, wholly deprived her of the power to disclose the truth. To delay it was her utmost, and hope encouraged her with a thought that something favourable might happen in the interval, which

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would render a disclosure more accordant with fir David's mind. It was to her, however, a constant theme of trouble and disquiet.

During this period Urban was actively employed in performing the object of his mission, in which he had succeeded to the fullness of his expectancy.

We left Mrs. Minshall almost *literally in the straw*. She had miscarried, and was gradually recovering, when Urban, having pursued Jerry's advice, had clearly proved to the creditors that the report of Mr. Minshall's sequestration of property was malicious and unfounded. The consequence was, that, on the conditions already mentioned, those two worthy creditors agreed to Mr. Minshall's being set at large.

This event was first communicated to Lady Greymont, by a note from Mr. Minshall.

shall. Convinced that they were indebted for every thing, even to this last great act of kindness, to her benevolent exertions, they could not restrain their feelings of gratitude, which they deemed it best primarily to express by letter. Their personal thanks to her were intended to follow shortly after, but her ladyship's sudden departure from London prevented their meeting.

To offer to describe lady Greymont's fury and astonishment at the receipt of this intelligence, would be to essay an impossibility. It must be left to imagination. She quickly discovered by whose means this enlargement had been accomplished. Her prey had been taken even from her very jaws—Her victims had escaped her. Resentment against them could not be gratified for the present; but revenge for the loss of that gratification was yet within her

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reach, and as a famished lioness on a guiltless trembling fawn she fixed upon it. Her whole battery was now turned against the honest Urban and the innocent Pernel. And here she found lord Greymont a most essential tool. They were before thinking of leaving town, but this circumstance and a few words from her ladyship were the cause of its being very much expedited.

Their arrival in the country, though sudden, was in some degree expected, as his lordship's house had been a long time in readiness, and as lady Greymont had often, in writing to Pernel, desired her to look for their coming.

Jerry was the only person who was startled at it. He was sure there was more in it than "met the eye." His first step was to counsel Pernel not to talk to her ladyship, upon any account, of what Urban was doing

ing to relieve Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, for which he said he had private reasons, with which he would hereafter acquaint her. The case was nice—They were or they were not set at liberty. In the latter view the least information to lady Greymont would annihilate all hopes of its being brought about. Again, it might be done, and he might have been discovered as an engine. He had no certain knowledge of the fact, and was in a doubtful perplexity. It was not long, however, before it was cleared up to his complete satisfaction.

Her ladyship soon contrived to have an interview with Jerry, and from her he learnt what gave him the greatest delight—The thing was perfected, and he remained unsuspected.

He artfully suppressed his joy, and began to condole with lady Greymont, ex-  
claiming

claiming repeatedly, "Ah, this would never have happened if I had been there! Why, why, my lady, did you let me come away?"

She agreed with Jerry in condemning herself, and in blaming her own want of caution in permitting him to quit his post for a moment. "To have my schemes baffled and eluded," she would say, "at a time when I thought them in the most prosperous way—my well-digested plot and arrangements undermined and blown up—Blown up—and by whom? By a boy—a callow boy—But he shall rue it! I have long known and mark'd his love for Pernel—He would marry her, but he shall not! He has divorced me from the object to which I was wedded, and to prevent him from wedding with the one he dotes on will be but a just retaliation."

I

What



What could Jerry reply to this language? To profess himself inimical to whatever she might be about to operate, was to seal his own fate, and to stamp success upon her undertaking. But to assimilate with her ideas, as he had hitherto done, might give him the power to prove himself what a pilot or a beacon is to the unskilful and unwary mariner. He saw the waters troubled, the clouds lowering, and judged what they portended; yet, thoughtless of danger, he perceived before him a little bark sailing gaily on called Love—Its freight was happiness—'twas all the treasure of two young traders. The danger that threatened it, even with his assistance, was imminent. However, what he could he was determined to afford; and, as its sheet anchor, hoped to see it outride the storm.

His acquiescence, therefore, almost fore-

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ran her proposition ; if a thing that follows can be said to go before—And it certainly might of Jerry's compliance much better than it could of *Fate* in this line of Dryden's :

“ I follow Fate, which does too fast pursue.”

All that he could collect from lady Grey-mont, for the present, was, that she was resolved to separate them ; that he would find her grateful for the warmth he expressed in her cause ; and that, unless it was to give her notice of what passed at Dynevawr-house, she should not want to employ him for the present. The first step was to be taken by herself. But what it was, Jerry could not learn ; and, thinking it prudent not to press her ladyship on that point, he retired, revolving in his mind every thing that had dropped during their conversation,

in hopes to hit on what she intended ; but, notwithstanding all his acuteness, he was unable to divine it—which gave him no little alarm. How, if she should be about to do any thing that was irremediable ? He knew nothing of it, and would only know too late to come to their succour. He stood in breathless fear !

That's a fine figure ! Any poet would give me a draft on Apollo, to be paid in kisses by the Muses for leave to be its first promulgator.

Lord Greymont made many efforts to obtain private intercourses with Pernel, but all in vain. She treated him with cold respect in public, and sedulously avoided giving him any opportunity to enjoy a tête-à-tête—a thing she could only find pleasure in with one ; and with him it was not more a *tête-à-tête* than a *cœur-à-cœur*.

In



In these cases, neglect does not generate its own species, but its opposite. Her indifference only served as fuel to his lordship's flame. Like gunpowder, the more you strive to confine it and destroy its power, the more you add to it.—Love like gunpowder!—Ay, and a good simile too. Its effects are as sudden, as dangerous, and, alas! often as melancholy. They who fight under the banners of Venus and Love can boast of their scars, as well as the dauntless heroes who march in the firm phalanxes of Mars.

Lady Greymont saw his lordship's chagrin, and was not ignorant of the principal impediment to his success. To obviate this was in her contemplation; by doing which she would at one blow forward his wishes, and indulge the hateful propensity of her own heart.

.. Their visits were, as usual, frequent and reciprocal. The release of Mr. and Mrs. Minshall could not remain a secret. Every person at Dynevawr-house was pleased to hear it; but none seemed to enjoy it with half the rapture of lady Greymont. Like a crocodile, she could command her tears at will, and repeatedly mingled them with the drops of unaffected pleasure that bedewed the cheeks of Pernel—every drop worth the richest gem that ever graced an “Æthiop’s ear.”

The latter was often tempted to tell her how it was effected, but was restrained by Jerry’s injunction, which he had not failed to impress on her mind. The situation of Pernel’s heart was soon laid open to her ladyship, and even part of its cares reposed in her bosom. She was indeed the confidante both of Pernel and sir David. He  
consulted

consulted her continually about the marriage on which his soul dwelt, and she saw his blindness to the cause which prevented it with a malicious joy.

Nothing was so far from his thoughts as the pretensions of Urban, and that the love Pernel bore to him was the reason of the several delays he had been induced to grant. This was a circumstance from which her ladyship augured considerable advantage, being well assured that the most alarming consequences would follow the discovery. The moment was favourable—the mischief ripe. She resolved to impart it to him as a friend, and with the affectation of pure regard for him, his son, and Pernel.

A convenient hour was soon found. As it was planned, so was it executed; and, as she expected, so did it operate.

Sir David's eyes were opened—the mist



was dispelled—and he now saw and could account for every thing that had passed. But how to act was the question. Her ladyship carefully secured him in the beginning against precipitancy, and had made him promise to say that he had heard so from some other person, or discovered it himself: he was not therefore to enquire into the affair, and satisfy his doubts, until she was absent and out of the pale of suspicion.

The deed being done, back to her covert

“flunk the guilty serpent.”

Sir David was now overwhelmed with grief, and then filled with anger; his happiness depended on the match, and we are not willing to part with that. Beyond this view he saw nothing but a dreary void; for, if that failed, all the fair images his  
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hopes had conjured up before him vanished, and were to be seen no more. He still flattered himself, however, that his wishes would yet be accomplished. He relied much on the gratitude of Urban, who he thought would never attempt to thwart them; he also expected a great deal from the affection and kindness of Pernel; and, lastly, he was bent and determined not to give up the match.

In due time the baronet took occasion to unburthen his mind. Being alone with Pernel, he began by pressing her to fix the day; and, on her still requesting him to put it off, he roundly questioned her on her love for Urban, and whether she intended to conspire with him to overcloud the winter of his life.

Pernel was amazed when she heard the name of Urban, and that sir David was no

stranger to their love. Where he had learnt it did not concern her ; 'twas enough that he knew it. She was unable to make any reply ; which sir David taking advantage of, added, in an affectionate tone,

“ Will Pernel make me miserable ? how have I deserved it ? ”

The attack was too much for her : she fell on her knees, and bathed his hands with tears—“ No, no,” she muttered, “ never ! ”

Sir David raised her up, and kissed her—“ I knew it,” said he, “ I knew you would not.”

“ Oh, sir,” continued she with the language of simplicity and truth, “ but I can never marry your son ! never, indeed. Urban has my heart, and I cannot live without him. I have heard you say you loved me, surely then you will not kill me ! ”

Sir



Sir David was not to be put to the rout by words. He was, as I have observed, determined and obstinate; and, what is not surprising, never the less so when in the wrong. He begged, he prayed, he threatened, and implored. She sighed, and wept.

“Urban will not marry you,” he cried; “he dares not disobey me, and I will never consent to it.”

As Sir David uttered the last words, they were interrupted by the lieutenant, who being now pretty well recovered, came, according to custom, to keep the baronet company. The agitation of one and the loudness of the other's voice at his entrance did not escape his observation. The subject was speedily unfolded to him; when he began to storm like a madman, and swore that he would never agree to his son's

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breaking

breaking a match which he as well as sir David had long set his heart upon.

“ A scoundrel ! ” he exclaimed : “ if I thought he would run foul of his benefactor’s happiness, damme if I would not give my other leg to see him dangling at the yard-arm ! But he shall row his boat here no more ; I’ll take care of that ! ” Saying this, he left the room, and was presently followed by sir David, after telling Pernel that she was in possession of his sentiments, and that he hoped, as he had for many years been a father to her, she would not now refuse to become his daughter.

This has been a long chapter, but a meritorious one, for it brings us nearer to the end. Methinks I see the reader feeling the few remaining pages ; and, if I am not deceived, he smiles !

CHAP.

## CHAP. IX.

If you wish to know its contents, read it!

**T**HE mind of man is a mine; and if its owner will not dig it, he deserves to starve. Mr. Minshall had discovered this, and was resolved not to neglect his any longer.

Urban had insisted upon their accepting of whatever he was able to do for them, and lamented that his absence from town had till then deprived them of his assistance. He purposely concealed to whom they



were indebted for their liberation, deeming it an annihilation of a good act to boast of it. They therefore still laboured under an error with regard to this event.

Urban had just procured them a small house in the environs of London; seen that Mr. Minshall was in a fair way in time to acquire a subsistence by his exertions in his profession, to which he applied himself with unremitting attention; and was about to return to the country, when he received a letter from his father, commanding him, in other words, not to think of revisiting Dynevaur-house upon any account, but to satisfy his uneasiness by the next post with the assurance that he had not the most distant thought or hope of becoming the husband of Pernel. To this was added a recapitulation of the obligations they were under to sir David, and a solemn threat

in

in case of disobedience never to see him more.

The consternation of poor Urban on perusing this epistle, so unexpected and so grievous, is inexpressible. The confused hope he had hitherto entertained was now at an end. To incur the severe displeasure of his father and sir David, by disobeying the one, and militating against the peace of the other, was what he could not bear. To cease to love Pernel was not in his power—that was a thing in which he had no free will—Love her he must, whatever his pen might write, or his tongue might utter, to induce his father to think the reverse. The happiness he had promised himself in returning to Pernel, after having surmounted the difficulty he had encountered, was never to arrive. Instead of the delight his warm imagination pictured to him

him in her smiles and thanks, and which he soon expected to enjoy, he was to avoid her sight, and, more cruel yet, to sit down to write an abjuration of his love. His father ordered it, and it must be done. He wrote, he tore—Again he essayed—his pen dropped from his hand, and come what would, he could not write the words ! In a state little short of distraction, he flew to Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, and poured forth before them the sad burthen of his heart.

Not very dissonant from Urban's feelings were those of Pernel. She longed, through gratitude, to conform with the wishes of sir David ; but gratitude is a cold passion when compared to love, and 'twas lost before it as a star at the appearance of the sun ; it tyrannized, and would suffer no rival. Again she knew Urban's respect for his father, and what the latter had written to him. His  
return



return was prohibited; every one seemed up in arms against her happiness; the die appeared to be cast, and her misery irrevocably fixed.

While thus absorbed in painful thoughts, her only remaining consolation was from sitting in her favourite arbour, and for hours together playing over on her harp the airs she recollected Urban was wont to listen to with pleasure. Grief is perhaps a greater inducer to invoke the muse than joy; and I am happy to have it in my power to present the reader with some lines which she composed at this time, and which I have often heard her execute in a wild and immethodical, though exquisite and tasteful manner.

#### TO HER HARP.

In vain, my harp,  
I sweep thy sounding chords;

In

In vain I strike—  
No blissful hours thy melody affords!  
Ah! where's the charm  
That once could wake to joy  
My sympathetic heart?

In downy calm  
And peace serene my breast employ,  
And to it all thy harmony impart!

For ever gone!—  
No music now I hear;—

But jarring sounds  
Of wild and warring passions, hope and fear,

And love and hate,  
By turns thy nerves express;  
And oft thy note's despair!!—

Ah, hapless fate!—  
Poor heart, thy aching strings confess  
Ye still are like—for all is discord there!



The first motion sir David made, after  
leaving the room, was to go in search of the  
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doctor, to inform him of the hopeful way his Spartan style of courting had brought him into, and to beg that he would adopt some other with the utmost speed.

The doctor's vanity was piqued. A preference, as I have before said, had always been given to Urban, when they were children ; this, however, had passed into oblivion—but that it should be renewed, and in so pointed a manner, in their manhood, gave him at least the common feelings of human nature, and he felt some few sparks of resentment at a distinction he so little expected, and which, *as it may be easily supposed*, he had no idea of meriting.

Pleased with the warmth with which he received the intelligence, sir David prompted him to hasten to regain the ground he had lost, and by his attention to remove the impression



impression which Urban had made on her heart. A meeting ensued.

The doctor, though he regarded Pernel, felt no violent passion for her, and was at present stimulated merely by his insulted vanity and a determination to fulfil his father's desire. At this interview, therefore, the artless tale of Pernel's love for Urban, her professions of unabated esteem for himself, and her appeals to him for pity and protection, entirely disarmed him of all power to reproach—and he left her with an assurance that his father's will was the only motive that prevented him from relinquishing her hand.

Jerry was not idle amidst the confusion this last piece of mischief had occasioned, nor was he ignorant of the person by whom it was performed. He might have learned it indeed from lady Greymont herself: but

it was no news to him when he heard it from her ; for it was no sooner effected, than from very intelligible omens he was convinced that it was no less than her own "act and deed." But he was pleased to find it less noxious than he apprehended, never failing at the same time to applaud the ingenuity of her ladyship's device, and to promise her success if she continued to proceed in the way she had begun.

Lady Julian was still Pernel's confidante: —Jerry could have wished it otherwise, but was fearful of creating any coolness between them, as it might have immediately led to suspicion :—all he could do with safety, was earnestly to enjoin Pernel not to let her ladyship know that she ever confided in him.

This injunction she promised to observe —but one day, in the ardour of benevolence,

lence, she so far forgot it as went near to ruin both Jerry and herself.

Conversing with lady Greymont about Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, she proposed the making up a purse for them—which her ladyship, as usual, agreed to—but instantly started an objection as to the possibility of sending it; adding, that she was very sorry they must therefore necessarily defer it till she returned to town.

“ Oh, no !” cried Pernel hastily, “ don’t let’s defer it, pray—I’ll get it conveyed.”

“ You, my dear !” said her ladyship, “ how, I prithee ?”—“ By Jerry !” she replied (wholly taken up with putting her scheme into execution): “ He’ll do it! for he knows a person in London who’ll send it to them.”

“ Jer— Jerry did you say, my dear ?” said her ladyship, faltering and trembling

with



with apprehension ;——but, fortunately for Pernel, before she could answer they were interrupted.

It was not long before her ladyship took an opportunity to question Jerry on the meaning of this conduct, concluding with a threat of certain ruin if she found him traitor.—Jerry was at first startled at what he heard ; but, having a great command over his nerves he began to smile, and pretended to wonder that she did not see into his drift. “ To get into the enemy’s cabinet,” said he, “ is the only way by which I can serve you. I knew miss Pernel’s affection for Mrs. Minshall, and thought that she might perhaps send them relief ; therefore I affected to tell her that I had a friend who would convey it to them, that I might prevent their ever receiving it. I should have brought it to you directly, my lady—  
and

and I concealed my stratagem because I conceived that you would praise me the more the less it was expected."

After some more conversation of this kind, her ladyship's doubts were all cleared up, and she seemed fully convinced of his veracity and fidelity. Jerry however was not quite certain of this until a few days after, when she entrusted him with a secret (the last they ever had together), which left him no room to suspect any deceit in their reconciliation.

This proves that the game is not always with the knave, no more than the battle with the strong:—If lady Greymont knew five tricks, Jerry knew six!

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## CHAP. X.

The reasonable complaint of dramatists—consolation—  
 a scheme—means taken to frustrate it—comfort for  
 those who have but one shilling left—quitting cer-  
 tain men in their poverty supported by reason—the  
 author finds an epithet which he can apply to  
 all his readers, and they to him—Jerry in  
 an awkward predicament—a mystery—  
 its solution, at which Jerry laughed  
 heartily, and at which the  
 reader may also laugh  
 if he pleases.

OUR modern dramatists are loud and  
 vehement in their exclamations against the  
 present mode of novel-writing—and with  
 reason:—Formerly they found infinite af-  
 fectation from such productions, composing  
 their plays of the many excellent incidents,  
 scenes



scenes and characters in which they abounded. But the auxiliaries courted to constitute modern novels are — for incidents, thunder, lightning, and earthquakes; for scenes, haunted castles, &c.; and for characters, sprites, ghosts, and goblins; things wholly unfit to be enlisted in the dramatic service by any genius less than that of the immortal Shakespeare.

It has been said that his

———“ magic could not copied be,

“ Within his circle none durst walk but he.”

Late times, however, have lamentably proved that

“ *Fools* rush in where *wise men* dare not tread.”

In this dearth then of dramatic provender, with what avidity must a history like the present be received by those who manufacture for the theatre! How fine, for instance,

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instance, if Nature be not entirely banished from the stage, would be the effect there of the incident with which I concluded my last chapter!—But to mention one thing is to do myself injustice, and to notice them all would be to write the whole work over again.

The dramatist also will have the advantage of affirming that his play is founded on historical facts, which will, at any rate, ensure the audience some sense in return for their attention. And I might here, by an easy parody, apply to him the last lines of Ovid's Art of Love, but that it would ill become a modest Christian to use the encomiastic language of an impudent Pagan.

We naturally love to unburthen ourselves to those who approve our complaint as just, and fall into the very remedy we wish to adopt. — Jerry stood exactly in this relation

with respect to Pernel. He commended Urban in the highest terms; and, seeing that her passion for him was inextinguishable, used many *needleless* arguments to deter her from obeying sir David at the charge of her own happiness.

The disclosure of the secret of her birth, and a knowledge of relations to whose existence she was a stranger, were on the eve of taking place. Of this she was ignorant; but that a few weeks would accomplish her one-and-twentieth year, and that she should then be mistress of her fortune, were circumstances that had never been concealed from her.

“ You will at that time,” said Jerry, “ remain under no obligations to sir David but those of gratitude; and it will rest with you to determine, whether they shall have the power to induce you to abandon the  
man



man you love, for one with whom you have no hopes of being happy."—Such a monitor could not but be in the greatest degree pleasing and consoling to her in her affliction. Added to this agreeable advice, he had corresponded with Urban, and obtained from him every information regarding himself and Mr. and Mrs. Minshall that could communicate comfort to Pernel. To hear that Urban was unhappy gave her more pleasure than pain, for it was a proof of his love for her. Her own misery, flowing from the same spring, became the lighter for it; and she rejoiced to suffer with him in a cause so dear to both.

Things could not remain in this posture for any duration; which was quickly perceived by her ladyship. The late rupture had rendered any interview between Pernel and Lord Greymont almost wholly impracticable;

cable; for which he did not fail to blame her ladyship, who had promised the reverse whenever his principal rival should be prohibited Dynevawr-house.

Lady Greymont saw plainly, and had heard indeed from Pernel's mouth, that she would never willingly marry any one but Urban. In a short time she would be of age, and her own mistress. The case was therefore desperate, and whatever was to be done must be done speedily. The debate was brief—His lordship came readily into her plan, and Jerry was privately summoned to attend her ladyship.

The necessary preliminaries being passed, she made him master of his lordship's resolution, which was, to take Pernel away by force. "It will be done to-morrow evening," said she, "if possible; and your assistance will be necessary to effect it. You  
know

know that she goes constantly, as the day closes, to an arbour at the further end of the garden, where she amuses herself with playing on the harp:—Now, not far from her seat is a door which leads into the road—of this door you must procure me the key.”

“ But who,” interrupted Jerry, fearful lest it should be himself, “ who is to carry her off?”

“ Leave that to us,” replied her ladyship: “ Two men and a chaise will be in readiness. All you have to do is to get the key, and, about the time you imagine the thing is doing, to prevent any of the family from going near the spot.”

Though Jerry abominated this iniquitous scheme in his “ heart of hearts,” yet he promised to forward it with all his might.

He returned in the greatest agitation of



mind. If he remained silent, Pernel's ruin was inevitable—if he turned open traitor, his own was almost as sure. What was to be done? One expedient was left, but it was of so nice a nature that he feared it would meet with objection:—He was resolved however to propose it; and it was embraced with more promptitude than he could have hoped.

He found Pernel bathed in tears—Sir David and the old lieutenant had just left her. The former, aware of the critical period that approached, had repeatedly entreated her to promise previously to give her hand to his son. But this morning he had renewed his attack in company with the lieutenant, who, not having received any answer from his son, had become outrageous, and came to beg she would agree to Sir David's wishes; but finding her still  
averse,

averse, he departed with the other, swearing bitterly that he would never consent to his son's taking the command of her against the baronet's orders.

Her tears flowed apace, and her heart was full of sorrow, when Jerry made his appearance before her. "Alas!" said she, looking at him, "alas, 'tis all over!—I shall never see him more!"

"If you mean Urban, miss Pernel," replied Jerry, "and will follow my advice, you shall not be long apart."

"Ah, Jerry!" said she, "you say this to relieve me, and 'tis very kind of you, but you know 'tis impossible."

The time was apt; and Jerry, to fill up her cup of affliction, informed her of lord Greymont's intention to take her away by force the following night.—She could not believe it. But Jerry by his seriousness,

and without giving up his authority, soon brought her to credit his assertion. “ You see therefore,” said he, “ the numerous dangers that beset you—I can extricate you from them all, and repose you near your lover on the bosom of your friend. But you must resolve to quit this place with me immediately ;—a few hours delay and ’twill be too late—my power will be gone, and all is lost !”

“ What would you do with me ?” said she distractedly. “ What would you have me do ? ”

“ I would have you,” he replied, “ trust to my honour. The key of the garden-gate shall and *must* be delivered. They will make the attempt to-morrow evening :—you will abstain from the harbour, and they will fail :—it will be attributed to accident, and they will defer it till the next day.



day. In the mean time, that is, early the next morning, I will myself carry you off to London, and lodge you with Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, where you may enjoy the company of Urban, and wait in safety till the tumult subsides."

The perturbation of her spirits prevented her speaking; but he thought he read a tacit compliance in her looks, and proceeded with unusual animation:—"If you remain here," said he, "you will be obliged to marry sir David's son, or run the risk of suffering violence from lord Greymont. If you go, you will be in the centre of those you love. Pray, pray agree to go! Do not think that any base motive makes me so anxious for it—No; believe me, I only wish to protect your innocence, and secure your happiness."

"Jerry's rhetoric did not prove fruitless

—And why? Because her heart beat in unison with his prayers. She contented to go.

What think ye, critics, that is, readers, for you are all critics, what think you?—Does not the plot thicken? “Aye,” ye cry, “but we have had elopements before.” True, my good friends—and while there are girls you’ll never be without them. But I see you long to pick a hole in my jacket. However, I fear you not—I promised to adhere to nature: and none will say it is not natural for girls to run away.

Full of trepidation and alarm, Pernel employed herself in preparing the little necessities for her departure.

Jerry also, having gained his principal point, began to think coolly how he should put it into practice: a thing which, like most other theorists, he had never thought

of. While revolving this in his mind, he happened, by mere accident, to let his hand fall on a certain part of a man's dress in which he usually deposits that which conveys a joy to the hearts of some—entirely unknown to angels—and here his *metal* failed him.

Without money you're without every thing. He that has money may get more, but he that has none must remain without any. However, as the Gascon might observe for the comfort of the latter—If I who have only one shilling am so unhappy, what a miserable dog must he be who has thousands!

The antients, amongst other notions respecting the ruby which are called superstitious, ascribed to it the virtue of being able to *banish sorrow*. I cannot say that I see any thing superstitious in this idea. A



ruby is a valuable stone, and the possession of it would certainly *banish sorrow* from the hearts of many. But what amuses me the most is, to see authors writing volumes upon volumes in abuse of that which it is clear they publish their works to obtain\*.

“ Money, money !” cried the Methodist preacher, “ whatever you do, do put some money in the plate !” This it is that makes a *mobile lignum*, a moveable puppet of a man, and leads him about by the nose. Therefore, though there may be little to say in favour of the gratitude and generosity of men who abandon those in misfortune at whose table they were used to gor-

\* Cicero, in Orat. pro Archia Poeta, exposes a similar contradiction. “ The philosophers themselves,” says he, “ prefix their names to those books which they write upon the contempt of glory ; by which they shew that they are desirous of praise and fame while they affect to despise them.”

mandize,

mandize, yet there is much to be said in support of its reasonableness. Surely I may be a man of small fortune, (I wish I was) and fond of many luxuries beyond its compass; and my neighbour may be a person of great fortune, and at the same time, without any extraordinary effort of nature, a great fool. He invites me to enjoy those things I like—I go——He becomes poor, and I of course neglect him; which indeed every one should be permitted to do without blame, when all a man's attraction goes with his money. He may complain afterwards that I do not take the same delight in his conversation as he thought I formerly did, but judge erroneously. For, if I ever was smiling while he was talking, it was at the sight of a fine ham just placed on the table, and not at what came from his tongue.

tongue.—“ Not thou, O Pomponius !” says Martial, “ but thy supper is eloquent.”

“ Give me riches !” cried a Greek poet, the wisest of his tribe ; and so exclaimed Jerry. He exclaimed, but not till his legs by a very natural process had conveyed his body into the presence of Pernel, who quickly assisted him with the omnific dust.

The anxiety which prevailed at this moment in the mind of almost every person in this history, must be more ably described to the reader by his own feelings than by any language I can possibly use. The hour teemed with evil ; but its good genius was still present, and hover'd o'er it with his guardian wings.

Jerry had delivered the key, and was desired to wait upon her ladyship in the course of the evening of the day, to inform her  
what



what effect Pernel's absence had occasioned, and whom sir David imagined to be accessory to the elopement. Guilt is always full of doubts and fears. Jerry knew well that Pernel would not be taken off that night, and would willingly have dispensed with any further interviews with lady Greymont on that subject. He was apprehensive lest she should suspect him of having prevented it. To go, however, was better than to stay away; for, in the latter case, all her suspicions, if she had any, would be instantly confirmed.

Time, who never hurries or retards his pace either for the good or the bad, jogged on as usual, till he arrived at the minute when Jerry was to betake himself to lord Greymont's house. He went conning over by the way the story which, to make their  
failure

failure appear accidental and to remove suspicion from himself, he intended to tell.

My dear reader ! (and that *is* an epithet which will apply to you all, for you are all dear to me, and I dare say you find that I am *very dear* to you ; ) conceive yourself for an instant in the situation of a man full of his object, and prepared to speak to a question which he had made himself sure of being brought forward, but which to his utter astonishment is completely reversed. What would you do ? Would you not hang your ears ? (No insult, upon my honour ! ) Would you not hang your ears, and, like many a great orator, say nothing ? I think you would.—But whether you would or would not, such was the fact ; and so did Jerry.

He had scarcely entered the room and bowed,

bowed, when he was wonder-struck \* at her ladyship's saying with a smile, " Well, have not we done it admirably ? The instant an out-scout came back to inform us that they had secured her and carried her off, lord Greymont ordered his chaise and pursued them ; not, however," continued she, " without promising to reward you for your fidelity and assistance."

Jerry's set speech was useless—he was dumb. " Impossible !" said he to himself *without speaking* ; " she cannot be gone. But I must be wary how I proceed, for it is evident that they are in error." Just as lady Greymont was about to express her

\* Some people in *common discourse* use thunderstruck instead of this word. But to say a man is *thunderstruck* when he is only *wonderstruck*, is to lie ; and to assert that any speech or sight could make him feel or appear as if he were *struck with thunder*, is both false and absurd.



surprise at the strangeness of his manner, he had recovered himself sufficiently to say, "His lordship is very good. I am unworthy of his bounty."—"Well, well," interrupted

her ladyship; "but you don't say how the affair has operated on the family."—"Why, really, to tell you the truth, my lady," he replied, "when I came away from home, I did not know that you had succeeded, but I am very happy to hear that you have."—

"Aye, I see," said she, "they had not discovered it at the time you left them."—

"No," he rejoined, "I dare swear they had not." He then affected great joy at their success; amidst which her ladyship asked him, whether he did not think it would be prudent of her to call on sir David, as if nothing had happened. From this Jerry, alarmed to the last degree, with much trouble and persuasion at length dissuaded

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her, and was dismissed, after an injunction to be with her early the next morning.

He hastened home with all the speed imaginable; and though he was convinced he had seen Pernel before he left the house, yet was he fearful lest his eyes should have deceived him, and longed to fix them on her again. In this he was soon gratified. Pernel was still there. His amazement now at what he had heard from her ladyship was unbounded. He knew not how to account for the deception they had practised on themselves. Supper-time, however, to him, and to him alone, unravelled the mighty mystery.

The cloth laid and supper served, the usual muster was made—when, O ye gods! the virgin Martha was missing! We cannot enjoy two passions at once; the strongest will predominate; and in spite of all he could

could do, Jerry could not help retiring, and giving way to a most immoderate fit of laughter.

He easily conceived how the mistake had arisen. The ruffians were strangers to Pernel's person, and, simply following their directions, had seen Martha in or near the harbour, seized on her, and borne her off. This circumstance was concealed from all but Jerry. The rest concluded that she was gone again on some pious peregrination, and little thought that the poor virgin was in the arms of lord Greymont, and on the eve of being ravished!



## C H A P. XI.

Containing every thing  
the reader's heart  
can wish.

**T**HIS was perhaps the last bread Pernel was to break with sir David. The thought affected her, and she retired to bed, not to rest, but weep. She felt how much her departure would afflict the baronet, and sincerely wished it could have been avoided. The best of mortals, whatever they may do in bravado, would rather others should suffer than themselves. If she went, his grief might be great; but if she staid, hers promised

mised to be lasting and excessive. She was but human, and preferred the lesser evil.

At the break of day, while all the family were fast asleep, Jerry summoned her to undertake their journey. The chaise was waiting. She wept immoderately. He cheered her, and, taking under his arm the little parcels she had prepared, led her away almost stupefied by contending passions.

Jerry had written to Mrs. Minshall to inform her of their coming. He also in part explained the necessity. Their arrival was therefore anxiously looked for ; and not to retard the progress of my history by minute details, which are always well suppressed, I shall briefly say, that in as short a time as possible Pernel found herself locked in the warm embrace of her friend Mrs. Minshall. Pleasure had long been a stran-

ger to her ; and this meeting gave her so much, that she could scarcely support it. " Ah, my dear friend," she cried, " let me live and die with you ! What is fortune without happiness ? Sir David has been very good to me, it is true, and I am sorry to offend him ; but I would rather sacrifice all to live poor and in peace with you, than broken-hearted with his son in all the splendour of riches."

" You shall !" replied Mrs. Minshall, " you shall—we will not part. You know I love you ; and there is one who will soon be here to add to your joy, whom we all love, and who loves you better than all the world beside." " Does he ?" said Pernel : " Does Urban love me as well as ever, notwithstanding his father's anger ?"

" That he certainly does."

" Then



"Then a short time will remove every obstacle to our happiness."

Mrs. Minshall knew what was meant by these last words; for she had often asked her about her parents, and had learnt from her merely the unsatisfactory account which Sir David thought proper to intrust to her.

"You will be your own mistress soon," said Mrs. Minshall; "but yet there will be an obstacle to your union."

"What?" cried she hastily.

"You know Urban's affection for his father. He has received from him an absolute command to erase all traces of love for you from his heart, and never to presume to think of marrying you on pain of his mortal displeasure. To follow the former injunction he is unable, and I do not think he has the courage to oppose the latter. But

don't

don't let us despair; let us hope for the best."

The conversation was now changed, and Mrs. Minshall began to enquire with the greatest respect and esteem after lady Greymont. She then enumerated to Pernel the numerous favours she firmly believed she had received from her ladyship. Pernel joined heartily in extolling her goodness, and applauded her for all those obligations, which she was conscious at the same time that she had been the cause of.

As it was late in the evening when Pernel arrived in town, Urban did not see her until the following day. Their first interview was tender and affectionate, but not unmixed with a considerable portion of grief that lay heavy at Urban's heart. That very morning he had received a second letter from his father, which, it said, was the

last he would ever receive. It accused him of the vilest ingratitude. It told him, that he had connived with a rascal (meaning Jerry) to alienate both the mind and body of Pernel from the son of their common patron and best of friends. It called him a seducer, a thorough-paced villain, without one grain of virtue or honour left; and concluded by abandoning and disowning him for ever.

From this an idea may be pretty correctly formed of the effect Pernel's absence had produced at Dynevawr-house. But none can enter the imagination to give any tolerable description of lady Greymont's emotions when she discovered the mistake his lordship had made, and that Jerry had absconded with Pernel. She knew not what it meant, nor where it would end.

Jerry in the mean time, being determined

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to perfect his enterprize, and seeing that Urban would not marry against his father's will, resolved to employ a mediator between Pernel and sir David, convinced that if he could be brought to reason there would be little trouble with the lieutenant.

Mr. Burley was the person he fixed upon. He was, he knew, though not devoid of singularity, yet a man of very upright principles, and, moreover, one to whose opinion the baronet paid particular deference.

He was still in town, and had succeeded by his exertions in obtaining what the reader may recollect to have been the ultimate of his wishes—a living in London; and was beside this appointed chaplain to a regiment. He was therefore thinking, about the time that Jerry waited on him, of pay-

ing a visit to fir David to decline the curacy of his benefice.

Jerry began by stating the unalterable affection existing between Pernel and Urban, and vindicated his own character in the affair, by unfolding for the first time, and to the surprise and horror of Mr. Burley, the whole conduct of her ladyship to Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, and lastly of lord and lady Greymont together, with respect to Urban and Pernel. He then added, "And these things I assert as facts, and, for the sake of injured innocence, will bind myself to prove."

"You must, indeed!" said Mr. Burley with firmness; "you must prove them, before I can give them the most distant credit."

"But will you, sir," interrupted Jerry,

"if

“ if I prove them to your satisfaction, lend your assistance to expose the vicious and assert the cause of virtue ?”

“ I am not a man full of promises, my friend,” he replied ; “ but do your part, and trust the rest to me. And the sooner we come to action the better.”

Jerry was prepared. His first step was to take him to the turnkey of ———, and to parson Libel, from whom Mr. Burley with astonishment heard every tittle of Jerry’s affirmations confirmed.

This, however, was not sufficient. Mr. and Mrs. Minshall were rescued. Urban and Pernel were the sufferers ; and nothing had been established against lady Greymont on their account. Time was necessary for this ; and here we shall see, that none is so easily imposed upon as the impostor, none so easily cheated as the cheat.



“ How will you establish the remaining charge ?” said Mr. Burley.”.....“ I can do it but one way,” replied Jerry ; “ but I trust that will be full. Will her own confession satisfy you ?”

“ Undoubtedly.”

Jerry then sat down and wrote the following letter :

“ My lady,

“ Perceiving, on my return home, the mistake that had been made, and knowing the explosion that must follow would render vain all future attempts to take off miss Pernel, I determined to secure her myself without loss of time. How I did it is unnecessary to relate at present. I have her ; and only wait to receive your ladyship’s commands in what manner to dispose of her.

I am, with great respect, &c.

*London.*

JERRY.

“ P. S.

“ P. S. To avoid discovery or suspicion, direct for me at No. —, ——— street.”

This letter, after having been read by Mr. Burley, was sealed and sent by the post. The due time elapsed—an answer came, full of encomiums on his diligence, and with directions how to act. What could now be said? No doubt was left, and Mr. Burley pledged himself willingly to undertake a reconciliation between the young lovers and Sir David, and to drive from his council the fiend that had and still continued to prompt him to evil. He was acquainted with the doctor's indifference about matrimony, and therefore the more approved of Urban's love. He visited them before his departure, and bade them be of good cheer, promising to leave no stone unturned to promote their happiness. He then quitted them, as a boat leaves the shore which goes

to the assistance of a sinking ship—with all the best hopes and wishes of those he left behind.

When sir David first discovered their elopement, his rage was frantic and outrageous ; but it was scarcely exceeded by the fright and alarm of the virgin Martha, who was about this time sent back in a post-chaise alone. She knew not where she had been, nor what had happened to her ; for his lordship, perceiving the error before he made himself known, ordered a chaise to take her home, and retreated to his own house still more expeditiously than he came.

The postboy was questioned, but he knew nothing except that her honour's servant (one of the ruffians) had ordered horses for her honour at the last stage ; and that as he had tipp'd her honour the long trot according to the servant's order, he hoped her honour



honour would give him some'at handsome for himself.

No one knew what to make of the affair; and Martha, as usual in doubtful cases of a profane nature, ascribed it all to the Prince of Darknes, alias the Devil.

Strong passions, like storms, are in general of short continuance — a calm succeeds. Sir David's anger soon subsided, and he began to think he had not acted generously to force Pernel to leave his house to avoid marrying his son. Her birth-day was past, and he had now no controul over her, which perhaps brought him to make these reflections: for it seems weak and absurd for a man to expect commands, that are disagreeable, to be obeyed by one who has the liberty to refuse. This, and the alteration her absence made in the comforts of his life, so visible throughout

Dynevawr-house, which was now the mansion of disquietude, contributed to induce him to recall her upon any terms; and he would certainly have done so had it not been for her ladyship, who assiduously kept his resentment alive.—Martha gave herself but little concern about what had happened, being wholly taken up with buffeting the old one, and having long since abstracted her thoughts from all worldly things.

At this period Mr. Burley paid his visit to sir David, and was received with open arms as a counsellor and a friend, who could give advice and consolation.

He did not delay the great object of his journey, but proceeded quickly to lay open every thing he knew, and to produce documents of confirmation. To say that sir David was amazed, were to say nothing—he was amazement itself!—Mr. Burley then  
 went

went on to state the ardent love that subsisted between Pernel and Urban, which he reminded him of once considering as a most necessary ingredient in marriage;—exculpated Urban from any ingratitude to him, or disrespect for his father's commands, by assuring him, that though he might have married Pernel, yet he rejected the wish nearest his heart unless they consented to his enjoying it—advanced the doctor's carelessness about the match—and lastly, for his own happiness, and to perform the duty of an honest, considerate man, advised him to agree to their union.

Sir David listened to him with attention; and the force of circumstances leading his inclination to concur with the other's persuasion, he at last said, “ Well, since it seems that it must be so, I do acquiesce in it: but upon one condition.”



“ Name it,” said Mr. Burley.

“ It is,” replied he, “ it is—they shall consent to live with me. Pernel has been the solace of my latter days—I love her, and am convinced that my love is not thrown away. She would not, but for a more powerful passion than can exist in the breast of youth for age, have ever left me : —I do forgive it—but she must return.”

“ That she will—be sure of it,” said he ; “ and this last kind request will add to her esteem for you, for I know that what you propose is amongst her warmest wishes. To marry him she alone can love, and at the same time to have it in her power to conciliate your favour, will make her happy indeed. But your son, sir David—I could wish there was but one mind on the present occasion.”

“ Oh, as for him,” replied the other, “ I have

have founded him, and find that he would have married Pernel not to have disobeyed me, but from no excessive desire on his own part; and *that* it was truly which in some measure stimulated me to abandon my original design. But I have now," continued sir David, "something to disclose to you which has hitherto remained a secret within my own bosom: it concerns the birth and parentage of Pernel." He then related the whole of her story, as it may be found in the beginning of this history, and concluded with saying, "She has been of age for several days; and the last offices entrusted to my care remain to be performed. They are, first, to put her fortune, which has considerably accumulated, into her own hands; and next, to deliver into them a box, sealed and unopened as her father, captain Learsley, left

it

it with me, to be given to her when she arrived at her one-and-twentieth year.—These things should have been done before.”

“We will lose no time,” replied Mr. Burley: “I will this night announce to them the joyful tidings of your remission of their faults, and agreement to their union—”

“Which shall take place as soon as possible. Let them make the utmost speed to Dynevawr-house, and bring with them, to participate in our happiness, their virtuous, injured friends, Mr. and Mrs. Minshall.”

The news of the approaching marriage was soon spread abroad by old Morgan, who was half beside himself at hearing it; and the whole village, with the many favours received from Pernel still living in the records of their hearts, resounded with joy and exultation.

The



The doctor, fond of his freedom, was not the least pleased. The virgin Martha did not approve of such *goings-on*; but her approbation and disapprobation were equally disregarded now, as neither the doctor nor sir David was involved. The lieutenant, though he fought bravely against it whilst sir David opposed it, no sooner saw his commander's signal to tack about, than round he came, and sailed close in his stern. One thing, however, gave him uncommon pleasure, which was, to hear that his son would not disobey him, or disoblige sir David, unless he could not help it.—“The dog's a brave fellow after all!” cried he: “When he received my orders not to love her, he was disabled, and, like a ship without a rudder, he could not obey; but when they were, not to marry, he was able, and obeyed—What can a man do more?”

It

It cannot be easily imagined how grateful Mr. Burley's intelligence was to Pernel, Urban, and their friends: they gladly accepted the welcome invitation; and the former hastened to throw themselves at the feet of sir David, by whom, and the lieutenant, they were received with cordial satisfaction, and all their past errors consigned to oblivion.

Jerry, who had accompanied them, was not without his tribute of praise and thanks. His actions were now seen in their true light, and esteemed accordingly. But Urban and Pernel, more than all, ascribing their every happiness to him, promised never to forsake him, or to think they had rewarded him enough.—“I thank God,” said Jerry, “that I have done one thing in my life on which I can reflect with pleasure! As to the reward you promise me,  
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none can equal that which my conscience will be daily bestowing on me :—however, if you will reward me, I can only say with Falstaff, “ He that rewards me, Heaven reward him !”

The next day was fixed for the marriage, and the present was to be devoted to instructing Pernel concerning her birth.

After dinner, all Sir David's domestics were convened to see him execute the end of his commission. Every one was anxious to hear the secret. Sir David opened by informing Pernel that he had till then kept her in the dark with respect to her true parents—She was now of age—her fortune was at her own disposal—and the time was come in which he might disclose to her every thing she wished to know—“ But before I say any thing further,” continued he, “ I shall present you with this box,  
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which your father strictly enjoined me not to give until you were one-and-twenty."— Here he delivered the box into her hand, and, while she was opening it with trembling fingers, he added, " Whatever you may want to know beyond what that contains I will supply."

The box was opened : it contained simply a paper written by her father : it was an account of her parents. Every one begged it might be read aloud. She complied, and began hastily to peruse it, but had not proceeded further than " Captain Learsley was your father," when Mrs. Minshall ejaculated " Learsley !"—and, struggling for a few moments, fell from her chair.

The alarm was general—none could conjecture the meaning of what he saw but Mr. Minshall, who had scarcely time to tell



tell them that Mrs. Minshall's maiden name was Learsley, when she recovered, and threw herself in Pernel's arms, exclaiming, " Oh my sister !—you are my sister !"—The scene was affecting, but still required much explanation, which sir David and Mr. Minshall soon gave it.

It appeared that captain Learsley, at the time that he left the bulk of his fortune to Pernel, did not forget his wife and his other child. To her he bequeathed the interest of five thousand pounds, the whole to devolve to the daughter at her death. She died in a few years; when Mrs. Minshall was received as a boarder in the respectable family in which Mr. Minshall found her.

The transports of Pernel were without bounds. It was feared indeed that they would prove injurious to them both; and Mr. Burley endeavoured, by sober advice,

to allay their joy, which was little short of phrensy—"Recollect," said he to Pernel, "that, in the midst of all this felicity, a tear is due to the memory of your unfortunate mother." His former words were lost; but these clung to her heart—She hid her face and wept—her heart was relieved.

The pleasure of the discovery, though not so rapturous elsewhere, was universal. "We shall all now be brothers and sisters," said Pernel to Mr. Minshall and Urban; "and we must never part."

At these words the doctor, who had observed that he was almost the only person that had not produced some happiness to the party, seized this moment to render himself conspicuous; and, taking Urban by the hand, he said, "Well, I forgive you for having rivalled me—you are an honest fellow, and deserved success. But you must  
be

be a bold one also to crown your toils ; for, according to the poet\*, as Mr. Burley can witness,

Παρθενικῆς ἐπὶ λεικτρον ἀμνηχανον εἶναι ἵκεσθαι.

Now, as to the wish just expressed by Pernel, I will propose the means by which she may enjoy it in the most agreeable way.—Mr. Burley is well provided for:—My father's living is vacant—Let Mr. Minshall leave the bar, take orders, accept it, and come and live amongst us.”

The thought was delightful!—All eyes were fixed on sir David.—The baronet's heart was open : he saw all and more than all his comforts returning ; and he could refuse nothing to render the prevailing happiness complete. Mr. Minshall knew not what to say ; but by his silence expressed

\* Musæus' Hero & Leander, v. 127.



the sense he felt of the obligation he was under.

Lady Greymont (whose character was not yet known to some of the company) could not but be remembered and enquired after. But what was their wonder when it was unmasked, and her absence thus accounted for! Mrs. Minshall was lost in astonishment. "Who then," she exclaimed, "who minister'd relief to our wants with such a friendly hand?"—The truth was no longer to be hidden: It was her sister—Pernel had done it.

This was too much, and Mrs. Minshall again swooned in her sister's embrace, overcome with affection.

It was not long before they learnt that lady Greymont, aware of the defeat she had met with, and of the abhorrence and detestation in which she must be held, had per-

suaded his lordship to leave England; and that they were gone, it was supposed, to reside in Germany; whither they were pursued by our injured friends with no rancorous hatred—for it is enough for virtue to make this reflection on the wicked.

Time, that moulders towering monuments into dust, and obliterates the memory of their existence, only serves to picture to our minds bad acts in more horrific forms. The pleasures of the world may strew flowers over them, but they cannot hide them. Adamant may hold its characters perfect for ages, yet they must wear out at last; but those engraven on the conscience Time does not efface, but with his scythe continually renews, and at every fresh touch sinks deeper and deeper—they, as if written there in Rubric with the heart's blood, can only cease to be when that shall flow no more.

The

The following day terminates the period of my history—Happy period ! Every thing was prepared for a grand fête-champêtre, and every peasant and his lass enlisted to serve under the banners of Mirth and Love. —In the morning Urban led Pernel, attended by all the family, even Martha, to the altar belonging to Mr. Minshall's future living, where Mr. Burley performed the ceremony. As Pernel received the ring,

She of some tears her eyes beguil'd,  
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,  
The happy hero kifs'd away.\*

They then returned—and you may guess the rest.

\* Otway's Poet's Complaint of his Muse.

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WHETHER



WHETHER I have any moral or not, and, if I have, whether it be good or bad, is a thing for which in the former case I am entitled to no praise, and for which in the latter I am not bound to answer. I have recounted events that have happened, pure and unmingled with the tinsel of fiction. I hope, sincerely hope, that there is a moral, and that that moral is good : for it is the first and foremost duty of every writer to sow the seeds of virtue, whose germ is peace, and whose harvest is happiness. In works of fancy in particular, (and I am sorry to see it often otherwise,) this should be the “beginning and the end,” the motive for starting, and the goal in which every view should terminate. I do not by this mean to confine authors to sermons and moral essays : he gains all the applause who mixes instruction with delight. *That*

fatire makes us smart the most, which smiles in our faces while it probes us to the quick : and why should not wholesome truths and noble tenets find an easier entrance into the soul, and make a more lasting impression on it, when they come arrayed in the robe of pleasure ?

If the characters of this history are condemned, I have an appeal to Nature :— They are not mine—she made them all.— Should many of the observations that occur in the course of it offend the plain sense of my readers, I beg they will reject them ; for, though I was obliged to give them a place, I am not willing to vouch for their orthodoxy ; nor am I so desperate a knight-errant as to run a tilt with every champion who wishes to oppose them. Should any thing have crept in that may seem in the most distant way to favour vice

or

or her followers, be assured that it was unknown to me, and that I more than *all* my readers (I care not how *numerous* they are!) censure and reprobate it. Lastly, Should there be any who object to my new coinage of words only on account of their not understanding them, or from having long since discovered that there are already too many hard words in the English language for the *comfort of reading*—to these I shall certainly say nothing, as it is very evident that *all words* would be *lost* upon them :— And should there be persons fastidious enough to blame me for coining a word merely because of their fanatic antipathy to innovation, I can only say to such, and I hope it will appease them, that I have as much respect for old ones as they have, and for none more than the word

F I N I S.



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